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Flint Chips.

PART THE SECOND.

WE have hitherto taken it for granted that the bones of man have not as yet been found in the drift. As long as any obscurity still hung about the genuineness or the human origin of the chipped flints which are there found, the discovery of human bones was looked to as the crucial test which was to satisfy those who still doubted. Sir C. Lyell confidently predicted that such would be discovered, whereas those who disbelieved in the existence of man at those early periods, with no less confidence, assumed that they would never be found in such situations. It was when the excitement occasioned by the numerous discoveries of flint implements at Abbeville and St. Acheul had not yet died away, when M. Boucher de Perthes held court in his museum at Abbeville, and displayed his treasures to the wondering eyes of scientific men gathered from all parts of Europe, that an incident occurred which at the time was thought to be decisive of the whole controversy, and which we must notice in consequence of what we have said above, and in order not to omit what is still thought by some to have an important bearing on the question. In one of the lower layers of gravel at Moulin Quignon near Abbeville, in the midst of a deeply coloured highly ferruginous deposit was discovered a portion of a lower human jaw. The appearance, weight, colour, and other circumstances, bore strong testimony to the reality of the discovery. The human origin was unquestionable, the antiquity of the bone was evident, and the discovery in a hitherto unmoved bed of gravel apparent. No discovery could be more opportune. It was what had been expected; it was wanted to put the seal of science on what till then was by some held to be mere speculation. It is no wonder then that men of science hurried over to examine and give their verdict on this evidence of a bygone age. "It was," says M. Quatrefage, "the first human fossil ever discovered except in a cave." Under the presidency of M. Milne Edwards, Dr. Carpenter, Messrs. Busk, Falconer, and Prestwich, on the part of the English savants; and Messrs. Delesse, Desnoyers, Lartet, Bourgeois,

Buteux, Gaudry, and Quatrefage, on the part of the French, sat in solemn council on this silent witness, as on the fragment of an ancient codex: they discussed its form, its colour, its weight, the locality of the discovery, and declared it authentic. It must be added, that there was not opportunity to remove the incrustations, and examine closely the texture of the bone, so that there still remained something wanting before the genuineness of the discovery could be held to be beyond dispute.

On returning home the English visitors took with them a tooth which had been found in the same deposit; and on subjecting a section of this to microscopic examination, they found that it presented no signs of mineral infiltration, and consequently although undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, could not be referred to the period of the early drift gravels, or be in any way considered as a fossil. It was also noticed that some of the flint implements on being washed showed no signs of stain such as it is certain they must have acquired had they lain for so many centuries in so highly coloured a medium. The edges too were perfectly sharp and fresh, so as to suggest the idea of newly-made weapons. It is true this circumstance was not in itself any proof, as a new implement might have been dropped into the bed of the river and immediately covered over by the gravel, and thus entombed might have remained undisturbed for ages. Still as they generally showed signs of rolling by the wearing and rounding of the edges, this fact connected with the absence of stain or patina as well as of dendritic marking, and the unmineralized state of the tooth, proved the necessity of further vigilance before acknowledging the antiquity of these as well as of other objects extracted from the gravel pit. A patient watchfulness soon showed that the workmen had discovered the value of the "haches," as they are called, and found a means of introducing modern fabrications into the fissures in the gravel, and then filling in the opening so as to give it all the appearance of unmoved soil. But another argument was in store.

Not far from the pits at Abbeville was an ancient Celtic grave, which was fortunately visited by Mr. Busk, when it was discovered that it contained a skeleton, the lower jaw of which was absent. Other little circumstances connected with the discovery seemed to show that, though the jaw itself could tell no tale, the maimed skeleton of this ancient Gaul gave silent evidence that both French and English savants had been the subjects of a trick, and that it was to the ingenious cupidity of workmen, which is not peculiar to the other side of the Channel, that this opportune discovery was due. We believe that this is the view now almost

universally taken of this curious controversy, for though M. Quatrefage concludes his account of the discovery with these words, "Il restera donc avéré que Moulin Quignon a bien réellement fourni à nos collections des ossements de l'*Homme Fossile*,"* we are assured that not only the English but most of the French savants, and M. Lartet himself, whose authority in these matters is second to none, have since acknowledged that they had been victims of a deceit. Several other human bones were collected by M. Boucher de Perthes, but M. Quatrefage doubts whether the beds in which they were found are of the same antiquity. M. Elie de Beaumont is of opinion that they are not; but, as we have said, we do not think this evidence necessary to establish the presence of man on the scene when the gravels of the Somme were deposited.

It is time for us now to take a short view of the situation in which the flint implements have been found. We shall notice principally those of the Somme as being characteristic of the class and of special interest on account of the number discovered and the attention which they excited. Any one who has looked into the interesting little volume of Mr. Geikie on the scenery of Scotland, will be prepared to be told that many of the deep valleys through which our rivers pursue their course to the sea, have, in the lapse of ages, been dug by the wash of the stream out of what was once comparatively level ground, while every shower of rain that fell upon the adjoining land was at once formed into little streamlets, which, combining with influences such as snow, and ice, and sun, and rain, gradually broke up the sides of the chasm into innumerable little ravines, wearing down the precipitous sides as the river worked its way deeper and deeper below the general surface. The result of this long process is before us in the picturesque scenery of many a river winding its way between deep sloping banks, eating its way into the high land at one time on one side, and now at the other, and presenting every variety of intersecting ravines and slopes that can charm the eye. This theory is beautifully confirmed by what has lately been brought to view in the State of Colorado in North America, where no rain ever falls to wear down the banks of the rivers, which have cut for themselves channels even into the depths of the earth, and roll their rapid waters for hundreds of miles between precipitous and inaccessible rocks, in one case at the marvellous depth of more than 5,000 feet below the parched surface of the

* *Rapport sur le progrès de l'Anthropologie*. Par M. A. de Quatrefage (p. 186). Paris, 1867.

earth. In other conditions of atmosphere, these regions would probably exhibit the rich undulating and smiling valleys which are so familiar to the English eye.

By such a process as that described above, the Valley of the Somme has been hollowed out to a depth of above two hundred feet below the general surface. In periods of greater floods the river has deposited great beds of gravel formed from fragments of flint washed out of older strata. When the floods were over it would contract its waters, gradually, as time went on, deepening its course, throwing up new beds of gravel at a lower level, while the marginal waters where the current was less rapid would deposit upon the earlier beds a finer loam which we call loess, till at length we find a series of beds of gravel and clay and sand at different elevations, some left far above the present bed of the stream, which has cut its way through them, some nearly themselves worn away by the undermining effect of the current, while others are but little raised above the present surface of the water. From this it is evident that the higher beds of gravel are the most ancient, as it was only after the river had cut its way through these that the lower beds were formed. In addition to this the channel has been excavated to a further depth of some thirty feet below the present bed of the stream, and time has elapsed sufficient to allow this space to be filled with a deposit of peat, over which the river now flows. It is in these beds of gravel, both in the upper and lower, that the flint implements have been found; while deep in the peat, below the present bed of the stream, implements of the neolithic and bronze age, and of the Roman period, have been discovered.

No one can look upon this gorge and reflect on the little excavating force which the stream seems now to possess, without being struck by the length of time which must have elapsed since the water flowed at the level of the higher gravels. Yet this long period must, if our views are correct, have passed away since the first worked flint was dropped into the stream, and in addition to this the valley has been again filled up to the height of thirty feet by a growth of peat. We have not space to pursue this subject otherwise than very briefly. Sir Charles Lyell suggests, though he hesitates to affirm, that 100,000 years may have been required for this work. It will be enough for us to show in a very few words that in this question everything is uncertain, and consequently that it would be rash and unphilosophical to accept any conclusion upon such slender arguments as we possess. The rate at which peat grows is entirely unknown. Some authors place this rate at

one foot in a century. M. Boucher de Perthes calculates, on grounds which we could not admit, that the growth of peat is one and a half inch in a century, and hence argues an antiquity from which Sir C. Lyell himself recoils. M. Boucher de Perthes's argument is drawn from the depth at which Roman remains are found, as if this did not depend on the character of the object and the solidity of the deposit. It is said that holes cut in peat are not filled up within the memory of man; Sir C. Lyell considers this a mistake, but adds that it is a proof of the slowness of the growth, but even were it so it might be that the removal of the surface might check the increase no less than in the case of ordinary vegetable growth. On the other hand, it has been said* that in the valleys of Friesland excavations in peat, of the depth of six feet, are filled up in thirty years. This would give us two hundred years as the period required for the formation of thirty feet, instead of thirty thousand according to M. Boucher de Perthes. We do not know whether the circumstances are as favourable to the growth of peat in any spot as they once were; a different state of climate, abundance of mosses and other plants with decaying forests, may have caused it at one time to grow more rapidly. There is a case mentioned by Lyell,† of a Roman road at Hatfield in Kincardineshire which has been found buried beneath a layer of eight feet of peat, and it is hardly to be supposed that the peat began to grow immediately at the cessation of the Roman occupation. It is also to be noted that the implements found in the peat of England and France are generally of the Roman period, as though many of these deposits had only existed since that time. Sir C. Lyell remarks that nothing but a series of careful observations carried over a long period in various circumstances could enable us to draw any real conclusion on this point.

Still it remains probable that the period has been long. But a thousand years is a long time, and we are too apt to imagine, on the one hand that no changes are taking place before our eyes, because having no points of comparison we fail to remark them; and on the other, that the change was never greater than it is now. It is when a village familiar to our ancestors and set down in ancient charts has been washed away by the encroaching sea, that we realize that a change has taken place, and we can hardly believe that such an advance has occurred in historic times, whereas perhaps a century has not passed since the sea reached

* Reusch, *La Bible et la Nature*, p. 569. Paris, 1867.

† *Principles of Geology*, bk. iii.

the spot. When we see the result of the action for many centuries of a cause which we do not now see at all, though it really exists, but which may have once worked with ten-fold violence, we fable to ourselves an antiquity for which there is no warrant except in the feebleness of our capacity to connect the constant action of a force, which we do not see only because it is so familiar to us, with the accumulated effects of its working during many ages. So it is with the excavation of these valleys. Any one who from time to time passes over the same ground in Scotland will see hill sides washed down by torrents, roads turned from their course, which are filled up with the debris of floods, and may forget that what is going on now has always gone on since the Highlands rose above the waters, and that the same will ever go on with ever-varying force, levelling continents and filling up seas with their ruins, till the earth is changed into water and the sea into land, again to be dissolved by the ceaseless corroding power of water.

As far as our evidence extends, everything leads us to believe that the flints were dropped into the river at the time the gravels and loess were deposited, or that they were carried by the stream at the time from some spot where they may have been collected, and scattered on the banks. It is probable too that these beds were formed at the time when the river flowed at the elevation they now hold above its present position; but we must take care not to deduce too much from that. The antiquity of these beds still remains unknown. We must bear in mind that we know nothing of the alteration that may have taken place in the character of the climate, in the extent of the forests, and consequently in the power of the stream. We know the tremendous excavating power of floods. One single flood in a generation is remembered with terror, and ruined buildings, devastated fields, and new channels suddenly excavated for its waters, witness for many long years to its violence. Let us quote a passage from a former work of Sir C. Lyell on this subject, as sufficient to caution us against attributing the vast results we see before us to the gentle action of such a stream as we now behold. Describing the bursting of a temporary lake formed by the damming up of a narrow pass with avalanches of snow and ice, he says*—"In the course of its descent the waters encountered several narrow gorges, and at each of these they rose to a great height, and then burst with new violence into the next basin, sweeping along rocks, forests, houses, bridges, and culti-

* *Principles of Geology.*

vated land. For the greater part of its course the flood resembled a moving mass of rock and mud rather than of water. Some fragments of granite of enormous magnitude, and which from their dimensions might be compared without exaggeration to houses, were torn out of a more ancient alluvium, and borne down for a quarter of a mile. One of the fragments moved was sixty paces in circumference. . . . It is evident therefore," he adds, "when we are speculating on the excavating force which a river may have exerted in any particular valley, the most important question is, not the violence of the existing stream, nor the levels of its present channels, nor even the nature of the rocks, but the probability of a succession of floods at some period from the time when the valley may have been first elevated above the sea." It is therefore quite reasonable to suppose, that whereas the gravel and loess have been deposited in ordinary winter floods, as the distribution of the coarser and finer particles seems to indicate, the excavating of the valley may be the result of extraordinary floods long since lost sight of in the darkness of ages, but nevertheless posterior to the time when, according to ordinary tradition, man first penetrated the forests of Gaul.

It must have naturally occurred to our readers to inquire what is the geological position of the beds of gravel of which we have been speaking. To answer this question we must endeavour to state the characters which distinguish the tertiary series from those which follows them in order of time. It is not always easy to determine these strata, because, existing generally only over small areas, they vary considerably in character in different places. It may be said generally that the tertiary formations consist of a series of beds of clay, sand, and gravel lying above the chalk, and that they are distinguished from those that are posterior to them in this, that they are the last beds which contain shells of extinct species. They are divided by Lyell into three series, the eocene, miocene, and pleiocene, by names formed by combining *ηως*, *μεσιον*, *πλειον*, with *καινος*. In all three recent or existing species of shells are found, but in the eocene the extinct predominate, whereas in the pleiocene the greater proportion are still found alive in our seas. The strata which lie above the tertiary the same geologist at one time divided into pleistocene and recent, but he afterwards comprised both under the name post-tertiary. As the gravels of which we are speaking contain no extinct species of shells, we may at once dismiss all question of their belonging to the tertiary group, and have only to consider to what part of the post-tertiary series they belong.

Less than fifty years ago, when geology was still in its infancy, Buckland in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ* attributed the post-tertiary strata generally to the Noachian Deluge, and it was usual to adduce them as evidence of the truth of the Mosaic narration. It was in this view that our late Cardinal treated the question in his celebrated lectures on the connection between science and religion. The bone deposits in caves, the erratic blocks borne from distant mountains, and the vast deposits of gravel produced by the wash of a current of water, which we call drift, as well as the hollowing out of the beds of rivers, were all attributed to this great cataclysm. At the same time Cuvier spoke with the greatest confidence to the same effect. "I agree with M. Deluc and Dolmieu, that if one thing is certain in geology it is that the surface of our globe has been the victim of a great and sudden revolution, the date of which cannot go back much beyond five or six thousand years; that this inundation swallowed up and hid from sight the countries formerly inhabited by man and the species of animals best known to us; that it, on the other hand, laid bare the bottom of the ancient sea, and formed from it the countries which we now inhabit. This is one of the best proved, and at the same time least expected discoveries of sound geology." Buckland, however, lived to withdraw his opinion, and concluded that the temporary inundation spoken of in Genesis could not have produced the effects that we witness in the post-tertiary deposits. The regular formations of strata with their own characteristic fossil remains, together with the magnitude of the effects, pointed to a cause acting over a long period, though not necessarily simultaneously in different regions. The absence too of the remains of man and of marine shells and the presence of numerous bones of extinct species of animals was thought to be a conclusive argument against the earlier opinion. Since that period this view has been universally accepted. Nevertheless, the name "diluvium," introduced by Buckland, has been retained by many geologists, as signifying those formations which contain the remains of extinct mammalia, but no extinct species of shells, while the effects produced in historic times were called "alluvial." It has lately become usual to speak of the former as the quaternary formation, and of the latter as recent.

The conclusions then to which we have thus far arrived may be thus summed up. Relics of man have been found in considerable numbers in various places in formations of the quaternary period, and there is reasonable probability that they

are of the same age as the beds in which they are found. M. Quatrefage and almost the whole body of English and French geologists look on it as certain. Monseigneur Meignan, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, in his excellent work, *Le Monde et l'Homme Primitif*, accepts it as a fact without difficulty. M. Reusch, professor of theology at the University of Bonn, in his *Nature and the Bible*, admits it, though with some hesitation. We may accept then the conclusion that man witnessed a very different configuration of landscape from what we now see before the valleys of many of our rivers were hollowed out. He must have seen a considerable difference of elevation above the sea, for though the shells in these deposits are almost entirely fresh-water, showing that the land has not been submerged since they were deposited, still the presence of a few marine species near Abbeville shows that the tide at one time came up relatively much higher than it now does, and that the beds have since been elevated. We have also signs of lower temperature, partly in the fauna which indicates a more northern or Alpine character, partly also in the blocks of sandstone which are found in the gravel, and which seem to indicate the carrying power of ice. In all this we see nothing to which we feel a difficulty in adhering. It is useless to adduce examples of the elevation and subsidence of land. It is going on before our eyes, and innumerable undoubted examples are given by geologists. We know too of the excavating power of water, and we must acknowledge that it is impossible to assert with certainty that the extent of these effects may not have been much greater in past times than now. We know that cataclysms have occurred, and as there is no warrant for saying that forces will always work under the same conditions and with the same visible effects as we now witness, so it would be rash to assume that they have always worked as now. May we not suppose that when the earth was new, and but just fitted to receive the ruler of creation for whom God destined it, those mighty engines that had been made use of by the Almighty to shape it to His purpose may still have retained much of their power before they were hushed into that slumber which more befits them to be the instruments of man; and before the variations of wind and water, of frost and volcano, of heaving and subsiding, and of every living and moving thing were so perfectly proportioned to the wants and tastes of man, as to make us fancy that it is nature that has produced this harmony, whereas it is the Wisdom of Infinite Goodness that has designed all, and made the vestibule of our palace a paradise of beauty?

There is another point connected with these discoveries, which to some has been a source of difficulty, but which we confess to us has nothing but interest. We refer to the coexistence of extinct mammalia with man. It is well known that bones of several species of mammalia either altogether extinct, or not now found in these countries, have been found in the drift. Sir John Lubbock mentions the following species which have been found in the neighbourhood of Abbeville and Amiens—*Elephas primigenius* (the mammoth), *elephas antiquus*, *rhinoceros tichorhinus*, *hyæna spelæa*, *ursus spelæus*, *bos primigenius*, *bison priscus*, *cervus elephas* (the Irish elk), *cervus tarandus* (the reindeer), *hippopotamus major*; and Mr. Stevens mentions besides these several others which have been found at Fisherton, near Salisbury. Such for example as the *felis spelæa* or cave lion, which exceeded the largest African or Asiatic species of the present day; the *canis vulpes*, differing but little from the fox of our own hunting field; and the *ovibos muschatus* or musk sheep. The *bos primigenius* or great urus was still living in England at the time of the Romans, and it was described by Cæsar as little inferior in size to the elephant. Remains of these and many others are exhibited near the entrance of the Blackmore Museum, and are described by Mr. Stevens in p. 12, seq., of *Flint Chips*. We cannot forbear to notice an interesting feature of these remains to which among others he calls attention. The *elephas primigenius*, like the Asiatic elephant of our day, had never more than one molar in use on each side at the same time. As this was worn out in process of use, another was formed behind it, which gradually pushed out and replaced the old one. Several of these castaway tools are shown in the museum as having been found near Salisbury, and bear evidence of the permanency of the habitation of the mammoth in those districts. Both the mammoth and rhinoceros had thick woolly hair, so as to fit them for northern climates, but the presence of the hippopotamus is more difficult to explain. So accustomed are we to the comforting thought that all dangerous beasts have long since been banished from our island, so inseparably connected do savage carnivorous and mighty herbivorous animals seem with uncivilized regions, that we find it hard to imagine a period when two species of elephant, one at least of rhinoceros and hippopotamus, tramped through the forests of Britain, and that lions and bears once spread terror amongst herds of reindeer on our hill sides; still less that man struggled with the one and fed upon the other. And yet we see no reason for doubting the evidence before us.

M. Lartet has endeavoured to distinguish four periods of extinct mammals belonging to the quaternary period. (1.) That of the cave bear, (2.) that of the mammoth and rhinoceros, (3.) that of the reindeer, and (4.) of the urus. It will be difficult with the materials in our possession to follow this through, but we shall return to this question again when we speak of the cave men. Sir C. Lyell considers it as certain that man was coexistent with two species of elephant, and two of rhinoceros, the *techorhinus* and *hemitæcus*, one at least of *hippopotamus*, the *ursus spelæus*, *hyæna spelæa*, and several species of bull, horse, and deer, and several small carnivorous animals and rodents. Whilst several became extinct, the reindeer and musk ox retired north. There is no doubt that the reindeer survived the mammoth in southern Europe. It is supposed to have inhabited the Oural mountains in historic times. The auroch survived the reindeer, and is said by Pliny to have existed in his time, with the urus, in the forests of Germany. It is still found in remote parts of western Asia, and is still preserved by the Emperor of Russia in Lithuania. It is doubtful whether the Irish elk survived to historic times. With respect to the great herbivorous animals, it is probable that they may have begun to die out long before man came upon the scene, and that many ages may have been required for their complete extinction. Mr. Hugh Miller tells us that the fishermen in one locality on the coast of Norfolk, during a period of thirteen years, collected the immense number of two thousand elephant's teeth, besides many bones belonging in all to some five hundred individuals. It is probable that these must have belonged to many generations, as we can hardly imagine so many gathered together in one spot. It may have been only the last survivors that saw and felt the powers of man.

A. W.

Wasted Seeds.

CHAPTER X.

AN ENGLISHMAN OF THE LAST GENERATION.

IT must not be supposed, because I have spoken of Mr. Charles North as a rich man, that he was a man of by any means colossal fortune. He was "very well off," and that was all. He had a share in the business in which his money had been made, which brought him in about a thousand a year. The Shotterton estate was not very large when he had bought it, as the great Lords in whose family it had been for some few generations had parted with portions of it from time to time. Two or three small farms Charles had purchased back since he had been in possession, and his income from property of this kind altogether was about a second thousand. He had a certain amount of accumulated money left when he had paid for the estate; and he had increased this store since his wife's death to something about twenty thousand pounds, well invested; so that he was altogether worth rather more than three thousand a year. His wife had brought him four thousand pounds, which had been settled on her children, and was to be his absolutely if she died without issue or if they did not grow up. But this money he had made over after her death to his brother-in-law at Shotcote, for the benefit of Barbara and Grace. At the time of his marriage with Teresa Amyot he had made a will settling his whole property on her for life if she survived him, making certain arrangements as to his children after her interest had ceased. This will still existed, and he had never made another. It contained, besides the provision for his children, legacies of a thousand pounds each to his brother and sister—Jack Wilton's mother, who was then alive—or their representatives, and his brother was made executor and residuary legatee along with his wife.

It was quite in accordance with Charles North's habits of indecision that he should never have made a second will. He had, moreover, the greatest confidence in his brother, and in the course of their daily intercourse at Shotterton he had frequently talked with him about the disposal of his property. John North's character will, perhaps, be sufficiently displayed in the remaining chapters of our tale for it to be unnecessary for me at present to enlarge upon it. His probity and sense of honour were exquisite. He had never in the least interfered with Charles' desire to make a sort of heir of his nephew John Wilton. As sometimes happens in families, the two brothers had in their younger days paired off in a kind of way with their two sisters, who

were the youngest members of the household. Louisa, John North's favourite companion, had died when she was twenty-one, and left a blank in his heart which had made him all the more ready to marry a handsome, though not very intellectual, friend of hers, with whom our readers have already made acquaintance as Mrs. North. The younger of the two girls had been Charles' pet, and he had hardly thought Mr. Edgar Wilton, the physician practising in the county-town twenty miles off—in whom the elder Norths, the grandfather and grandmother of the young people of the generation to which Jack belonged, placed implicit confidence—a suitable match for his bright and sprightly Mary. But Mary North thought differently, much as she loved and clung to her brother, of whose feelings towards Teresa Amyot she alone had been the confidante; and Mary triumphed so far in her darling wish that she was able to see a cordial friendship ripening between her husband and Charles before the former was thrown out of his carriage on a dark night, and brought home only to die. Mary Wilton came back to her father's house as a widow, with her single child, and from that time she was of course dearer than ever to Charles and the rest. Her death had happened nearly about the same time with that of his wife, and as John Wilton only inherited her fortune and a very little that had been his father's, it was quite natural that Charles should take to him as a son. John North always told his brother that he had plenty of his own for his children. His girls were provided for already, as their mother's fortune was considerable, and, besides, an aunt, her only sister, who had lived and died unmarried, had left them nearly four hundred a year a piece. William would do very well with the business and the land possessed by his father; and, in fact, John North, though he never said it, had not perfect confidence that William would make the best use of any great addition of wealth.

I must, however, add at once one more fact regarding Mr. North. He was a very strong Protestant. By this I mean that he had strong anti-Catholic feelings. His Protestantism in its origin was the result of the prejudices of education, and of that steady, penetrating anti-Catholic tradition in which most Englishmen of the generation to which John North belonged were brought up. It no more occurred to the fathers and mothers, to the preachers and schoolmasters and writers, of that generation, that there was anything serious to be said in favour of Catholicism, than it occurred to them to think that there was anything serious and worth attention to be said in favour of Mahometanism or Paganism. The Church of England was to them a pure and reformed Branch, saved by the resolute Henry VIII., the virtuous and virginal Elizabeth, the heroic Cranmer, and the saintly Ridley, from the corruptions and abuses which had well-nigh, if not quite, extinguished the true Christian faith and the light of the Gospel. If those good people had been asked to speak the stern truth about their own Catholic forefathers in the centuries before the Reformation, I fear they would have been obliged to say that they

thought their prospects with regard to salvation must have been very bad. Then, too, Protestant England, under the rule of the illustrious and patriotic George, third of the name, had just come forward in the world, as the men of that generation thought, as the champion of all that was good and holy and Christian. She had smitten down the great giant of evil, the monster-child born of the Satanic Revolution of France, the special forerunner of Antichrist, Napoleon Bonaparte, who had kept all their fathers volunteering and paying enormous taxes, going without bread at their dinners, and what not; and she had, out of pure love for legitimate rights and compassion for noble misfortune, restored the rightful heirs to the throne of France, instead of cutting up the territories of her ancient foe into four or five kingdoms, as she might have done. The echoes of the great war had not died out from the air around them when John and Charles North were educated, though they were but young striplings at the time of the battle of Waterloo. It was natural for them to compassionate Catholics. They had heard how good many of the French exiles were, and how much interest had been created throughout Europe by the sufferings of Pius VII., but they were taught to look on the restoration of the Papacy, as it appeared to them, as an act of grace on the part of the European powers, chiefly of England—an act of grace which gave back a sort of nominal existence to an authority which no longer did more than barely claim the influence which it had of old exercised so freely. They had grow into ripe manhood at the time of Catholic Emancipation, and had rejoiced over it as an act of justice—especially as their neighbours the Amyots were so very charming and so very inoffensive; but they had not the slightest fear that, give Catholics any amount of liberty they asked for, any danger could follow to the National Church, throned as she seemed to be in the hearts of the people.

John North, the most literary and active-minded of the two brothers, had made himself unconsciously more anti-Catholic by his own reading. He was a devout man, with a natural leaning to piety as well as to charity, fond of old architecture, stained glass, illuminated books, and the like, a bit of an antiquarian, and by no means what may be called a dry antiquarian. Walter Scott was his delight, and, putting aside his genius, if Walter Scott had lived in the south of England and been a country lawyer, he would have been much the same in tastes and tendencies as Mr. John North. Sorrow had never come home to his heart so piercingly as to that of his brother, and his wife had not helped to develop the more religious part of his character. But he was a very religious man nevertheless. There were breviaries on the shelves of his little sanctum, books of Catholic devotion, a Ludolph's *Life of Christ*, and, hidden in a morocco case, a finely-carved crucifix which Teresa had once offered him in fear and trembling, but which he had received with evident delight and gratitude, and before which he had said many a prayer. In short, he had what I may venture to call a sort of natural Catholicism about

him, and yet he had read so much of Pascal, Llorente, Paolo Sarpi, and other authors of the same kind, that he had a firm belief in the enormities of the Papal Court, the cruelties of the Inquisition, and the unscrupulous immorality of the Jesuits. He was intensely kind-hearted, never refused an alms if he could give one, never spoke an evil word of a neighbour, and so, in accordance with the recommendation of his favourite poet, he

Spoke but gently of our sister's fall,

and did not abuse the Catholics. But in his mind he thought of them very severely, at least of Popes and Cardinals, and priests and Jesuits. The Jesuits, in fact, exercised a sort of fascination over him. He bought all the books about them—that is, against them—that he came across. He had the *Monita Secreta*, and the *Principles of the Jesuits*, and a whole number of similar volumes, on his shelves, and the pencil marks by the sides of the pages showed that they were not unread. He believed in female Jesuits, and boy Jesuits, and Jesuits disguised as servants or as doctors. He did not quite think that his good friends at Shotcote were all Jesuits, but he would have been quite ready to believe it of them if he had not known them. He thought the Society of Jesus was immensely rich, and very powerful, and very grasping, and very ambitious of worldly success, and he had underlined with his own hand a certain passage in an English version of its Institute, already printed in capital letters, in which it was represented that the superiors of the Order could oblige any one of their subjects to commit any mortal sin whenever they thought it expedient.

That his own brother, whose good sense and conscientiousness he was as certain of as of the existence of the sun in the heavens, should become a Catholic, was a fact utterly incomprehensible to John North. He had never felt the slightest doubt in his own mind that the Anglican Protestantism in which he had lived all his life was the true religion, though a man so conversant as he was with the chief intellectual movements of the day could not fail to have been struck with the number and difficulty of the questions that could be raised as to the Anglican theory. In reality, John North was in a position which is that of a very large number of educated men in the country. He was an Anglican because he felt he could be nothing else. Far too good and too pious, far too reverent a believer in Christianity and the Church, to take the alternative of scepticism and latitudinarianism, he clung to the Church of England, as he said, as the best compromise possible between authority and liberty, and, as he thought, the most like of all communions to the primitive Church; but also instinctively, with an instinct that was an answer to a number of uncomfortable theoretic difficulties, because it was, as he felt, the only Church for *him*. This feeling worked in some degree in the way of toleration towards others. What he felt about Anglicanism, others might feel for Catholicism. He respected the

Amyots, and he had dearly loved his sister-in-law Teresa. He found the priests gentlemanly, well-read, charitable, devoted to their work. Still, he believed extremely bad things of the system, and he could only explain conversions as extraordinary delusions. He would, I fear, have been severely tried if one of his children had become a Catholic. He might have turned a daughter out of house and home for such an offence, partly in anger, partly because he would have had the most extreme dread of the infection spreading.

But for his brother he could not feel anger. His mind was, in truth, illogical and out of gear, as it were, on the subject of Catholicism, and so his feelings were inconsistent and conflicting. Men like him feel the *power* of the Church, and show that they do so, not only by that dread of its attractive or seductive power of which I have spoken, but also by acknowledging in their conduct that she can satisfy and retain her hold on those whom she has won. If John North had analyzed his own mind and feelings, he would have found that he could not have urged his brother to retrace his steps, and did not think him likely to die less happily as a Catholic than as a Protestant.

Somehow he hardly expected that Charles would recover. On the journey to Welborough he had thought much over what he might have to do or to advise as to the arrangement of Charles' property, for he had little doubt that it would fall to his lot to help him as to this. If in another case it had been suggested to him that the priests and nuns would take care that the will of the new convert should be made in their own favour, he might have acquiesced in the thought, so great a hold had the traditions of his education and of common English literature upon his mind. Somehow, he did not really fear this now, though he could have given no reason for his security beyond his confidence in Cecilia.

He arrived at the door of the convent almost at the same moment with the omnibus, which had made two or three detours on its road for the convenience of some of the passengers. John Wilton was already there, to tell him that Charles was somewhat better.

"They thought he was in danger yesterday evening," said Jack, "and gave him what they call the last Sacraments. Since that he has been really better, and has slept a great deal. But, uncle, here is one you must know"—and Jack presented his wife to Mr. North.

"God bless you, my dear," said John North, as he kissed her. "We shall all love you, first for Jack's sake, and then for your own. I see you have made acquaintance with Barbara. It was stupid of me not to guess who you were in the train."

They went into the parlour, where the Prioress soon came to them. It was arranged that Jack should take his uncle at once across to the presbytery, where Charles was, and see how far it was well for the brothers to meet immediately. He himself had arrived just in time to witness the administration of Extreme Unction, and had afterwards watched a part of the night by the patient's bed. Charles had

welcomed him affectionately, and had talked a little about Margaret, but he had soon sunk into a gentle sleep, and had been kept very quiet all the morning.

Barbara took possession of Margaret. "We have been looking forward so much to having you at Shotcote," she said; "and Grace, my sister, will be jealous of me for getting the first sight of you. We are to be sisters, you see, at once." For the nuns had put them together in a large double-bedded room in the "infirmary," as it was called. Then she began to praise Jack, and to talk to her about Shotterton and the convent, and lastly to ask about her sister, Mary Burke.

"She'll be coming over to us soon," said Margaret. "I'm not sure that she will wait for the regular vacation."

And so they chatted on, till Margaret began to feel herself quite at home with her new friend, and a messenger came to fetch them both into the parlour for luncheon.

CHAPTER XI.

"IRREPRESSIBLE" CONTROVERSY.

AFTER luncheon, Jack Wilton took his wife aside, and they strolled up and down, first in Father Mortimer's garden, and then in the grounds in front of the convent, which were generally unoccupied, the gardens in which the girls and nuns walked being on the further side of the building. Margaret had much to tell Jack and much to hear from him. They had never before been separated since their marriage. She asked him about his journey, his reception at the convent, where every one had been exceedingly kind to him, and his thoughts about his uncle Charles.

"He was certainly better last night," he said, "but I don't think the doctor believes it to be more than a rally. It will give him time to arrange his affairs, which he has not yet done. One hardly likes to think of such things, but a great deal, to us, depends on his doing this. He told me in a few words that he meant to leave Shotterton Manor to me, but I would give up all chance of that if I could see him better. The dear old man! His kindness of heart is boundless. He has been talking of you, Madge, and saying that he feels he owes you a great deal. I hardly know what he means. He was dozing when I came down to luncheon, and was not to be disturbed. When he wakes, they are to come and tell us, and I am to take you to him. We must not stay long. Uncle John means to see if we can get the business matters off his mind. He told me that he knows his intentions about nearly everything, and can get his instructions in a comparatively short time. Uncle Charles is so wonderfully happy. I never saw him so before. There is a quiet radiance about him, as if he felt almost at the gate of Paradise and was sure of being inside soon. He seems not to have the slightest fear of death."

Margaret let him talk on, rejoicing in her heart, not only for the sake of his uncle, but for Jack's own. What could be better for him than to see one whom he revered and loved so much die a happy Catholic death? She could not understand how he could have a doubt left after that. Soon the summons came, and Jack led her softly upstairs into the large bedroom which Father Mortimer kept for the most honoured guests of the convent, such as the Bishop. It was full of handsome old oak furniture, religious pictures, objects of devotion, and the like. She had little time to look about her, for her eyes at once sought out the pale, thin, silver-haired old man who was lying on the sofa in a dressing-gown, and who held out his hands to her as soon as Jack brought her into his sight. She was on her knees by the sofa in a moment, kissing the hands which had clasped her own, but Charles feebly raised her up to kiss his lips over and over again, while her tears flowed freely.

"So you are my Margaret," he said, faintly; "God bless you and guard you, my darling. I owe you a great deal—more than you know."

"Dearest uncle, are you better? I must not make you talk much."

"Yes, I am better for the time, but I shall not see much of you here, darling. It will come by and bye, and then you will see your aunt Teresa, who has prayed for us all so much."

He made her sit by the side of the sofa where he could see her, and kept her hand in his.

The Bishop had given special leave for the Prioress and one Sister, who was a very skilful nurse, to go as far as the Presbytery for the purpose of assisting the sick man. He had also written to say that if he could possibly find the time he would come himself to give him the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Cecilia Amyot was in the room when Margaret appeared, and she began talking quietly to Jack while the uncle and his newly-found niece sat together. Margaret was struck with the same air of peaceful rejoicing which Jack had mentioned to her. There seemed a sort of glory about the features of the old man—not so very old in years, indeed. He was taller and thinner than his brother, with the same fine eyes and intellectual countenance; altogether his face was more refined, and had traces of suffering about it which now made it look extremely sweet. "You remind me of my father, dear uncle," she said. The two men were not really alike, but Margaret had seen something of the same sweetness and happiness in her father before he died.

"And how is little Mary?" said Charles. "I should like to have seen her. John tells me she is a second edition of you."

"She will be with us before many weeks," said Margaret. "Then perhaps she will see you, uncle." But her heart did not promise her that her words would be fulfilled.

"No, darling, I shall be gone before that. But now I must send you away, for I must attend to business before it gets later. Tell John to come here," he whispered; then, after a long, tender kiss,

"God bless you ever, and pray for me," he sent her to call her husband to his side. Then Jack took Margaret away, and called up John North, and the two brothers were left together.

"I should like to go to the chapel," Margaret whispered to Jack. The Prioress heard the words, and took her kindly by the hand into the convent, where Barbara met them at the door of the parlour. She committed Margaret once more to the care of her niece, who led her through the school part of the convent into the chapel, where some candles were burning before the tabernacle, and the nuns and children were relieving one another each half-hour, so as to keep up a perpetual prayer before the Blessed Sacrament for the invalid. There were always two or three with large white veils over their heads kneeling on faldstools before the altar. The chapel was slightly darkened, and the most perfect stillness reigned. The flickering light in the red lamp before the altar seemed alone to break the motionless calm, the ticking of the large clock in the sacristy was the only sound that broke on the ear, and at the stated intervals the children or religious walked slowly in or out when the time came for the watchers to change. Barbara and Margaret knelt down at the end of the chapel. "We will pray for John too," whispered Barbara; and the pair were soon as silent and as motionless as the rest.

Jack meanwhile strolled about in the garden by himself, wondering very much at all that was going on around him. We have already said that he had never had any thought of becoming a Catholic. If he had been asked why he had never thought of it, he would probably have answered with perfect sincerity, that he felt very well where he was, and saw no reason for thinking of a change. Jack was clever and thoughtful, well-read, and by no means uninterested in the religious questioning of the day. He had always said his prayers, and kept a good conscience. His friends at school and at College had been among the best of their time. He did not think religion a matter of taste, but his tastes were very fairly satisfied with the creed and the communion in which he had been brought up. His great reverence was for his mother's memory; he could just remember her teaching him to say his prayers, and he kept her Bible, and Prayer-book, and *Christian Year*, as his most precious heir-looms. If I am asked how it is that, having been a young and thoughtful man at the time when the whole air around him was full of controversy, he had never paid any serious practical attention to it, I must answer that such cases are, as I believe, not only not rare, but very common among the men of his character and surroundings. There was, no doubt, a spice of indolence about his mind; he never exerted himself intellectually without an effort. But people sometimes forget, in judging of such cases, that men ordinarily require a strong force of motive and a powerful sense of obligation before they begin practically to question the authority of a system in which they have been brought up as a system which rightfully claims from them a certain dutiful loyalty, and that such a motive and such a sense of obligation are not easily brought home to

contented minds. If I am asked again, how it is that a mind like Jack's was contented where he was, I can only say in reply that such is often the fact, and that, moreover, I am sorry to say, the dominant teaching in the school of thought through which my friend had passed had a decided though indirect tendency to undermine the claims of absolute truth of any kind, as distinguished from relative truth, on the allegiance of men. Jack was not a disciple of this new philosophy, but it had certainly affected him, as all dominant schools of thought affect others besides their own followers. There was a general air of lassitude as to religious search about his generation; a sort of echo of the maxim imputed to Oxford men by a writer from America, "there's nothing new, and there's nothing true, and it doesn't matter:" and this may have fallen in with Jack's disposition, though his personal religion was sound and vigorous. At all events so it was—as yet, Jack was simply perplexed at what had come to his uncle.

His meditations, after a time, were broken in upon by Father Mortimer, who joined him in the garden with two companions, who were, as Jack thought at first sight, perfect strangers to him. Soon, however, he recognised in one of them, who was dressed as a layman, a man of rather older standing than himself, who had been leaving Oxford as a Bachelor much about the time when he had begun his own career as an undergraduate. Jack had met him two or three times, though they were not of the same College, and the other remembered him and claimed acquaintance. His history was simple: he had got a small living, married, and after a few years had got into a quarrel with his Bishop, and become a Catholic. Such at least was the common story as to Mr. Bleatham's conversion—for I am very far from agreeing that his quarrel with his Bishop had made him a Catholic, since it is possible that his Bishop quarrelled with him on the very ground of some Roman tendency which was discernible in him. Bleatham had been a conspicuous rather than a distinguished man at the University. He was a great speaker at the Union, a man who pushed himself forward in society, but who failed in the schools and was unable to get himself elected to a fellowship. Father Mortimer, as Jack saw, was rather at a loss how to dispose of his visitors. His colleague was away for a few days, and he had the parish to attend to, while the greater part of his time was spent in watching by Mr. North. So Jack was not surprised when he introduced his visitors to him, and then, making an excuse of the pressing calls upon his time, left them together.

"Delighted to see you, Wilton," said Bleatham. "Let me introduce Dr. Bullcox to you—one of the old Catholic family of the Bullcoxes of Staffordshire." The new acquaintances bowed to one another, and Bleatham then proceeded.

"I was just saying to Mortimer, how glad I should be to renew my old intimacy with you, and how certain I felt that now that you have a Catholic wife and a Catholic uncle you will soon find your way into the fold yourself. In fact, I'm surprised you haven't become a

Catholic long ago. I suppose we shall soon hear of your being settled as squire at Shotterton Manor, and of course it will only be your uncle's wish that you should support the Catholic cause as he would have done himself. I hope your wife is quite well? We are settled at Blackheath. Mrs. Bleatham will be most happy to see her any time you like to call."

Jack, I should say, had just by chance heard of Mrs. Bleatham, who was supposed by wicked people to be one of the causes why her husband was to be found at every Catholic meeting, church opening, bazaar, picnic, and so on, and not often at home. So he merely assented generally to Bleatham's recognition and cordial assurances of friendship. Then he asked if his new companion had ever visited Welborough before. "This is my first time of coming here," he said, "so I fear I cannot do much for you in the way of lionizing."

"Oh, Bullcox knows the place by heart, he has had sisters and cousins by dozens here at school. They say he has a relation in every convent in England. He is a 'Bullcox of the Bullcoxes,' father and mother both of the same family, which had I don't know how many old houses with hiding-places for priests in them in the times of persecution. It's a grand thing to have kept the faith for three centuries, through all kinds of suffering. You can almost see the lines of persecution graven on their faces."

"Certainly I admire the fidelity of those old families with all my heart, and I have always found their present members most amiable people whenever I have met them," said Jack, bowing to the fair-haired and juvenile-looking doctor, whose plump round face showed very few lines of persecution or anything else, and who had not long finished his studies at a Continental College. Jack thought Bleatham was rather *gauche* and forward to praise the young man's ancestors to his face, especially as he remembered a saying of a great talker, that such praise sometimes implies that people have nothing of their own to be praised for. He felt sure the Amyots would not have liked it. He had never heard from them a single boast as to the glorious constancy of their family.

"We old Catholics, Mr. Wilton," said Bullcox, "can't understand at all how it is that people like you resist the grace of God which is drawing you to the Church. Surely you can hardly plead ignorance of her claims."

"I hope," said Jack, "that I do not resist the grace of God. I am not aware of it."

"Forgive me," said Bullcox, "but you see I have studied theology. I fear we cannot for a moment allow that there is such a thing as 'invincible ignorance' among Anglicans, at least when they are well-educated. To take your own case, surely the fact that you have the knowledge of the truth is implied in your having a Catholic wife, not to speak of your uncle, who has just been converted—surely that is enough to make you seriously responsible before God if you do not at once act on the motives before you."

"Perhaps we had better not talk of my own particular case," said Jack, quietly. "I have only just had the honour of making your acquaintance, and you are by no means the first priest whom I have met, or the first man of learning of your communion, and those who know me more intimately have not held that sort of language to me. I am certain that my uncle, whom you quote, has acted most conscientiously in what he has done, but I do not know why he was not acting conscientiously before, and you see he had a Catholic wife and a number of Catholic relations. I hope that if ever I think it right to do as he has done, I shall do it. At present it appears to me that I should do wrong."

"Well, well," said Bullcox, "I dare say you think you are in good faith, as I dare say Mr. North thought he was a week ago. For my part, my acquaintance with theology has convinced me that it is almost impossible in a country like this for a Protestant to be in good faith. Since the Hierarchy, and the Oxford movement, and the revival of Gothic architecture, and the great development of Catholicism in England, and the Syllabus, surely the truth is so plain that no one can escape conviction without shutting his eyes. You should pray, my dear sir, you should pray."

"I should have thought," said Jack, "that there was something besides your acquaintance with theology, which I dare say is very deep, which might be requisite to enable you to judge as you seem to do of the state of mind and conscience of nine-tenths of Englishmen, and that one thing might be a practical acquaintance with the habits of thought, the tone of mind, the religious temper of those whom you condemn so severely, and their religious practice. I have known some very good Catholics, indeed I may say that all whom I know are good, but I am not sure that they are more conscientious, more faithful in following out what they believe to be right than some Protestants, their neighbours, whom I also know. I have never thought that we had a right to make the comparison. Probably you have no very large acquaintance among Anglicans?"

"I don't know a single one," said Bullcox; "but I don't believe in their good faith all the same. There are the notes of the Church—Unity, Apostolicity, Catholicity, and Sanctity, these are obvious to all. These are mentioned in the Creeds. It is quite clear that no other body in the world but the Catholic Church even lays claim to them. Therefore it is clear that any one who says the Creed from his heart must be a Catholic. Therefore any one who says the Creed and is not a Catholic, does not say it from his heart. Therefore he is not in good faith." And Dr. Bullcox looked round for the applause of his friend Bleatham, as the leader of a Parliamentary party looks round upon his followers after he has made the box on the table resound to a tremendous blow with his fist.

Jack was very good-tempered, but he felt rather angry. "Your conclusion sounds very logical, and is very satisfactory to yourself, no doubt. There were people once, Donatists and Novatians, I think,

who thought that all the rest of the Church were doomed to eternal perdition but themselves. Now, I don't say that your position is identical with theirs, but I fancy their spirit was not very different."

Bullcox might have seen, I think, that he had gone too far. But there are some controversialists who delight in the severe and strictly logical deductions that follow from certain undoubted truths concerning the Church, and who unfortunately make very little account of human nature, and have no acquaintance with the wonderful compassion with which God assists by His grace conscientious persons who are outside the Church through no fault of their own, and whose minds have been filled with a number of false propositions concerning her which it is not the work of a few days or of a few years to dispel. Bullcox had heard of irresolute and undecided people, who had come to the door of the Church and then shrunk from entering from sheer want of courage, being helped over the threshold by a vigorous pull or a strong push from some one else. His idea was, that he could pull Jack over by a little intimidation.

"After all," he said, "you must acknowledge that we are bound to act on knowledge. The Church is before you, and if you do not submit to her you are as wicked as a heathen or a publican, as our Lord said. See how all the Bible, by which you go, is full of the punishment of disobedience. There were Core, Nathan——"

"Dathan," suggested Bleatham, in a low voice.

"Dathan, and—what is it?—Absalom——"

"Abiron," again whispered Bleatham, rather disconcerted.

"Abiron, was it?" said Bullcox. "Well, they were consumed by fiery serpents——"

"Devoured by an earthquake," said the accurate Bleatham, in an imploring voice.

"It doesn't matter which," said Bullcox, fiercely, in a tone that was meant to silence his officious ally. "You know, we go by the Vulgate. They perished for opposing themselves to Moses and Aaron, and Jonas was swallowed up by a whale for running away from the grace of God, and Ananias and Sapphira struck blind and swallowed up by the earth for hiding something from St. Peter. Oh, it's a terrible thing not to submit to the authority which God has set over us."

Jack smiled at the strange jumble of Scripture incidents into which his antagonist had fallen, but he only said, "Well, I can assure you that whenever I come to see that the Roman Church is the authority you speak of, I shall submit to her. At present I don't see that she is. We're rather in trouble now, you may have heard, and I am more inclined to pray than to dispute. I dare say you will help in that, at all events."

"Oh, my dear fellow," said Mr. Bleatham, "pray for light, pray for light. Ask our dearest Madrefamiglia to pray for you, she will never turn away, she is all-powerful; and by the aid of your A. G. and your P. S.'s—you have a great number of them, you know."

"A. G.'s and P. S.'s—what on earth do you mean? P.S. means

postscript, so far as I know," said Jack, in extreme astonishment ; "and what do you mean by your *Madrefamiglia*?"

"You see," said Bleatham, "the instinct of Catholicism leads us to be familiar with the saints and angels, and our Blessed Lady herself, who is really our Mother. That sweet St. Angelicus used to call her his *Madre*, and it sounds so home-like. Your A. G. is your angel guardian, who has watched over you from the first moment of your existence, and is, oh, so anxious that you should listen to the good arguments of this plain-speaking but most charitable Bullcox. Your P. S.'s are your patron saints, and there are more saints of the name of John, I think, than of any other in the calendar. But, my dear Bullcox, we shall miss our train if we do not run off at once. I dare say Wilton will come down with us to the station, and you may say a few more good words to him."

"Thank you," said Jack, "for all you have said, Dr. Bullcox. You'll excuse me if I stay here, as I don't like to be far out of the way, in case of any sudden call to my uncle's room. Good-bye ; good-bye, Bleatham."

The two visitors had hardly left before Father Mortimer appeared. "I hope they haven't been a bother to you, Mr. Wilton," said he.

"They're very zealous for my conversion, as they call it," said Jack, laughing. "But I'm afraid that they've not made much way with me, though something Dr. Bullcox said struck me a great deal." Then he told Father Mortimer what had passed, as far as he could.

"He's an ineffable goose, that Bullcox, that's all," said Father Mortimer. He has had no experience whatever in dealing with souls. He's had a strict Professor, as some of them have in those Seminaries, and he hasn't yet balanced his theories by practical work. He's a good fellow as ever was, and will do very well when he's been a year or two on the mission, and heard some thousands of confessions. Don't mind a word that he said, except so far as it agrees with your own conscience. These nincompoops do us immense harm sometimes. That Bleatham is the most unmitigated bore I know. But you know, Mr. Wilton, from Holy Scripture, that even a donkey may sometimes speak the truth."

CHAPTER XII.

"PROFICISCERE, ANIMA CHRISTIANA."

WHILE Jack was walking in the garden and Margaret praying in the chapel, the two brothers, John and Charles North, were in close consultation in the room where the latter was lying on the sofa. It had been thought better not to disturb Charles when his brother had first arrived, and this was in consequence their first interview. Each was somewhat embarrassed at first, but the difficulty passed away in a few minutes. Their love was too cordial, too much a part of themselves, to be affected even by such a difference as had now been

placed between them, and, in point of fact, the difference was not altogether a new one. John had long felt that Charles did not agree with him in his strong condemnation of Catholicism, and it was a proof of their great mutual confidence that Charles, rather shy and timid as he was, should have given to his brother so many intimations of what was passing in his own mind almost unknown to himself. But very little matters are enough to make two persons who deeply love one another understand that there is some point as to which they are not at one. The poignant feeling of sorrow which accompanies such discoveries is the cry of our nature, which is yearning for perfect intercommunion of thought and affection, for perfect, all-penetrating understanding, and absolute unselfish love between us all. Patience ! that cry of our nature will have its satisfaction—but not here.

John and Charles North soon began to talk of what was of immediate urgency as to the affairs of the latter. He felt very desirous of finishing with earthly business, for he was intensely happy, with a happiness unlike anything he had ever known, and felt raised above the anxieties and interests, the delights and apprehensions, which had formerly affected him. He felt at *peace*. His peace was not a mere negation of trouble and care and fear, but something solid, substantial, satisfying, engrossing, and yet promising a great deal more than he was enjoying at the moment. At the same time he was extremely weak. John saw at once that he could not talk much, and began to fear, before they had been ten minutes together, whether his brother's strength might not break down at any moment. He knew his mind pretty well already, though it occurred to him that Charles might perhaps now wish to make some alteration in his intentions in consequence of his last step. He determined at once to get his mind down on paper. So, with his pencil in hand, he began asking him questions.

"Well, dear fellow, I suppose you would like to leave them something here, if you do not get better, for all their trouble and kindness?"

Charles paused. "Give Cecilia a thousand pounds; she will know what will be best for them. And you and Jack agree between you as to spending the same sum in some work of charity." He hardly seemed to think that there was any real difference in religion between himself and his nephew.

"And now, Charlie, about the other things. I suppose there is Shotterton, and the land there, and your share of the business in London, and money in the funds, and shares of all sorts?"

"Yes; but, Johnnie, you had better have a list of the different items." And then, very slowly, he enumerated the names of his farms at Shotterton, how much money he had invested, the quantities of each particular investment, and the like. This took up some time, and when the catalogue was made out Charles sank back and seemed inclined to doze. John waited patiently till he opened his eyes again, and then the sick man made him pour out a glass of a restorative,

after which he went on to give his directions as to the disposal of the various properties. The upshot of the whole arrangement was that John Wilton was to have Shotterton Manor and the land, about ten thousand pounds in various securities, and half the share of the business in London. The other half Charles proposed to leave to his brother, and the remainder of his fortune was to go in legacies to his nephews and nieces at Shotterton and Shotcote. Jack Wilton and John North were to be executors and residuary legatees.

There was one point as to which John North thought it worth while to make a suggestion. "You see, Charlie," he said, "you look upon your share in the London house simply as a source of income. Now, might it not be well for Jack to take to it? It would give him something to do; and yet it would not prevent his living principally at Shotterton. It would be something to keep him from lying fallow, and he might increase it if he chose to work."

"Well, how can it be done?"

"Suppose you were either to leave it to him outright, and make it up to us, as you are so good, in another way; or at least leave him a right to purchase the other share, which you leave to us, if he chooses."

"Yes, let that be the way. It would be better for him to have the chance of working if he would. If he likes to take to it within two years, let him have it by paying you two thousand pounds. Woodstone and Smart will be glad enough to put a man like him in the way of understanding the business."

Then John North sent for Barbara, and left her with the good Sister in charge of her uncle, while he set to work in his own room to write out the will according to these instructions, so that Charles might sign it. Charles whispered softly to her to fetch John Wilton and Margaret, and though it was not thought well for him to have too many persons in the room at once, his manner was so decided that Barbara gave way. She found Margaret and sent for Jack, who had just come in with Father Mortimer. Barbara was his favourite niece, for he always said that she was so much like her aunt Teresa—one of those soft gentle faces that have something in them that painters almost always fail to catch, and whose beauty can best be accounted for by the brightness of their glance and the eloquence of their smile. Jack sat at the head of the sofa, with his hand gently on his uncle's shoulder, Barbara on a low stool in front, her head almost resting on Charles, and Margaret opposite. Very few words were spoken, and now and then Barbara knelt and said a few words of prayer, which Charles bowed his head to and Margaret answered. Everything was intensely quiet. Nothing broke the silence but the occasional chirp of a bird, or the rustle of the leaves of the creepers at the open window. At last Charles dozed off, and the others sat motionless for fear of disturbing him.

John North had almost finished his work when the convent was suddenly roused by the news of the arrival of the Bishop. He had

been engaged in visiting a mission some twenty miles off when he had received the news of Charles' reception into the Church, and had then, as we have heard, promised to come to give him the Sacrament of Confirmation as soon as possible ; but the letter announcing to him the alarming turn taken by the illness of the new convert had followed him to another place, and thus a little time had been lost. It was one of his rules to see that every one had Confirmation if he could possibly manage it, and he had been known to leave important work and go to a considerable distance that he might administer it to a dying child. He had met Charles North at Shotcote, and took a deep interest in him. In fact he had always encouraged the Amyots and others to pray for him, telling them that Teresa's death seemed to mean that she was to win him by her prayers, and now he put himself a good deal out of his course in his visitation to get to him at Welborough.

The Bishop's presence filled the house with joy. He was commonly thought to be a saint, and the children delighted in his visits, for he had something to say to each, and was fond of gathering them round him, and amusing them by stories which he had picked up in his long sojourn in Rome, where he had spent the best years of his life. Almost as soon as he arrived the Prioress came up and prepared Charles for his visit, and then Father Mortimer gave him a short instruction by way of preparation, while Barbara took Margaret and Jack downstairs to present them to the Bishop.

He was a short small man, with a rather large head and short black hair, a countenance that gave signs of thought and suffering, and eyes with great intelligence and feeling in them whenever they could be seen, for he kept them very constantly on the ground. His manner and bearing were extremely humble and gentle, but he seemed to know and think for everybody, and to see all that was going on. When Barbara knelt for his blessing, he told her she must do the work of her patron saint with her uncle, referring to the tradition which places a happy death under the patronage of St. Barbara ; he told Margaret that he had heard of her good father years ago when he was in Ireland on a visit, and that she must rival her aunt Teresa in praying for her own husband. "You may have to suffer, my child," he said, "but you will give God all He asks for so dear a soul." He was very kind in his manner to John, whom also he had met before at the Amyots. Then Father Mortimer came down, and said that all was ready for the Confirmation.

The Bishop said a few simple words to Charles before he began the rite, and Jack thought that he had never before seen a face light up with so tender an expression of charity and joy. He had always thought Dr. — an ordinary or even an insignificant man in his appearance, but now he was, in a sense, transfigured. The light seemed to pass from his face to that of Charles North. Reverence, thankfulness, intense serene joy were there, as he followed the few short prayers and ceremonies of the holy rite. But it was evident that

his mind was strained beyond its natural strength at the moment, and when all was over, after remaining a few minutes in a quiet grave recollection, and then thanking the Bishop earnestly as he gave him his blessing before leaving, he fell back on his pillow in a state of great exhaustion. They gave him some cordial, and he sank into a sleep again. Barbara and Father Mortimer remained with him, while the rest of the party returned to the parlour with the Bishop, who could not find a train to take him on his route for two or three hours. John North went upstairs to complete his task.

Jack and Margaret strolled out again together, she leaning on his shoulder in silent happiness. He did not tell her then of his passage of arms in the garden, in fact it had almost, but not altogether, faded from his mind. Not altogether—for he kept repeating to himself involuntarily the words which his antagonist had, as it were, thrown at him out of the Creeds—"One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic," words with which he had been familiar from his childhood, but as to which he had never asked himself searchingly what he meant by repeating them. One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic—that was the Church to which he belonged, that was the communion of saints, that it was into which he had been admitted by the one Baptism for the remission of sins, that it was in which he was to look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. And so he passed up and down the garden with his Margaret on his arm, who was full of the thought which the Bishop had revived in her mind that she must win him by prayer, and it might be by suffering.

"Margaret! John! come at once," said Barbara Amyot from the garden-door of the presbytery. "Uncle Charles is much worse."

They were soon in the room, where they found the Prioress, Father Mortimer, John North, and the Bishop around the sofa. A glance was enough to show that a great change had taken place. Charles was fully conscious, but he could not speak, and was getting weaker and weaker. The Bishop was giving him the "last blessing" just as Margaret and John entered. The Prioress bathed his head from time to time, or put a glass to his mouth containing some cordial, and the rest then went on silently praying, or making little remarks in whispers. The Bishop read slowly short "acts" of faith, hope, and charity, contrition, forgiveness of injuries, and resignation, and Charles seemed to follow them, and now and then slightly bowed his head at the end, or at the mention of the holy name of Jesus. John North seemed utterly overcome, kneeling close by his brother's head, his hand clasped in his. The dying man looked at him from time to time fondly, and his eyes wandered, as if looking for others. The Bishop understood him, and very gently he brought Jack and Margaret and Barbara to him, and placed his hand on the head of each. He made them kneel there before him, and at a look from him Father Mortimer put a prayer-book into John's hands, and they began the Litany for the departing soul, the Bishop leading them slowly and very softly, while between the several suffrages was now to be heard, ever quicker and

quicker and more difficult, the breathing of the dying man in his last struggle. O Wonderful Mother of the children of God! who that has ever knelt at such a moment, and heard the solemn, soothing, unearthly words with which thou speakest to thy departing child, or, as it may seem, even more to those around him than to him alone, can fail to understand and bow down before thy tender loving power? Men talk of the majesty of Catholic worship, of the appeal made to the feelings and the imagination by the grand ceremonies of High Mass, or the special ritual of particular seasons and the greater festivals; and they speak truly as to the effect, though they may attribute to contrivance and design what is but the due natural offering of all that is best and highest in the world of sense or art at the shrine of the Living God. But yet there are hearts that could witness the most solemn function untouched and unmoved, and would yet be melted into tenderest and most reverent devotion if they could be present at the recommendation of a departing soul. The clear soft voice of the Bishop seemed to John Wilton to sound in his own inmost heart, as he bade his uncle go forth in the name of the Father Almighty, Who created him, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, Who suffered for him, in the name of the Holy Ghost, Who sanctified him, of the Angels and Heavenly Host, the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and all other Saints of God, that his place might that day be in peace and his abode in Holy Sion.

"May the resplendent multitude of the Angels meet thee, may the court of the Apostles receive thee, may the triumphant army of glorious Martyrs come out to welcome thee, may the splendid company of the white-robed Confessors encompass thee, may the choir of joyful Virgins receive thee, and mayest thou meet with a blessed repose in the bosom of the Patriarchs: may Jesus Christ appear to thee with a mild and joyful countenance, and appoint thee a place among those who are to stand before Him for ever. . . . May Christ deliver thee from torments Who was crucified for thee! may He deliver thee from eternal death Who vouchsafed to die for thee! May Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, place thee in the ever-verdant lawns of His Paradise; and may He, the True Shepherd, acknowledge thee for one of His flock. May He absolve thee from all thy sins, and place thee at His right hand in the midst of His Elect. Mayest thou see thy Redeemer face to face, and, standing always in His presence, behold with happy eyes the most clear truth. And mayest thou be placed among the companies of the Blessed, and enjoy the sweetness of the contemplation of thy God for ever."

And so the prayers went on, while the struggle still lasted. The Bishop sometimes paused, and whispered clearly some short invocations and the holy Name into the ears of Charles North. From time to time his eyes lighted up, and he tried to kiss the crucifix which was in his hand, supported there by the Prioress. Then the time came when he seemed to have lost all strength and consciousness, and hardly to breathe, while still the holy prayer went on by his side.

Then he seemed to catch the holy name of Jesus, as it were, from the lips of the Bishop, as he named it in one of the short prayers, and while it was yet on his lips he gently breathed his last breath.

* * * * *

A little later on the same evening another Christian soul took flight from one of the wards of Cliffe's hospital. The workhouse people had dealt kindly with Margaret's request about Randal and Denis Carroll, and they had been taken early in the afternoon to see their mother. Poor children! they had far too much to tell her about their miseries, past, present, and future, for they had found out that it was not at all unlikely they might be sent off at once to a district school in the neighbourhood of London, where they would be quite out of the reach of the priest. This arrangement had been made before the arrival of Mrs. Carroll's declaration, of which, of course, the boys knew nothing, and the poor woman supported herself under this fresh alarm by the thought that what she had done with Margaret's help might avert the blow. It was a hurried, sad parting, though the nurses did what they could to keep it private from the other patients, and the man in charge of the boys did not bring them off at the very moment he was told. The poor little fellows cried bitterly when the time came, though they did not think that it was to be absolutely the last time they were to see their mother. But so it was. Mrs. Carroll got rapidly worse after the interview, and when night came on the Sister sent an urgent message to Father Kennedy, and he came at once to give her the last Sacraments. Screens were put round the bed, that he might hear her confession, and give her Communion and Extreme Unction undisturbed, and then, after the same "last blessing" which had been given to Charles North by the Bishop, and with the same prayers of the Church to help her on her passage out of the world, the poor Irish woman, conscious to the last, and, amid all her earthly trouble, full of hope and joy, met her death fearlessly, calling with her last breath on the same holy name of Jesus.

Dr. Newman's Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent.

IV.

My readers will remember that in my last article I stated, at some length, the doctrine concerning conceptual truth, as it is commonly taught at present in our Catholic schools; and I took occasion to point out the seeming dissidence between such doctrine and the theory which has been propounded in the *Hints towards a Grammar of Assent*. But the task which I have undertaken is not as yet accomplished, even so far as concerns this one subject of inquiry. For Dr. Newman has given instances in his section on *informal inference* wherein, as he considers, the certitude of assent "is the result of arguments which, taken in the letter, and not in their full implicit sense, are but probabilities" (p. 286); and he has also, in the section on *formal inference*, furnished us with examples, in the which "inference comes short of proof, because it has not a full command over the objects to which it relates, but merely assumes its premisses" (p. 262).

I should not be doing justice to our author, were I to pass over in silence these illustrations of his theory; and I should not be doing justice to myself, and to the doctrine which I have put forth, were I to make no effort to remove them out of my way.

Let us then, first of all, examine with becoming attention the instances of that informal inference which is the special act, as we are told, of the illative sense, in the order in which Dr. Newman has presented them. They are given, be it remembered, for the express purpose of showing that there are inferential assents undeniably certain, which have a surplusage of assurance beyond what the premisses could justify, and therefore which could not stand the test of logical law.

The first is set before us in the following passage—"We are all absolutely certain, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that Great Britain is an island. We give to that proposition our deliberate and unconditional adhesion. . . . It is a simple

and primary truth with us, if any truth is such; to believe it is as legitimate an exercise of assent, as there are legitimate exercises of doubt or of opinion. This is the position of our minds towards our insularity; yet are the arguments producible for it (to use the common expression) in black and white commensurate with this overpowering certitude about it?" (p. 287.)

In order to see whether there are, or no, arguments producible for this proposition in black and white commensurate with its overpowering certitude, the reader must consent to my introducing a short preface.

I have referred already to *extrinsic* evidence, under the third of those kinds which I have called moral. The proposition in question is commended to the acceptance of most men on the strength of this extrinsic evidence alone; in other words, on human testimony. Now the question at once arises, Whether the authority of human testimony can, under any circumstances, legitimately produce a real certainty in the judgment? To do so, it is necessary to be assured that the witnesses can, morally speaking, neither be deceived nor deceive; in a word, taken collectively, they must be practically infallible. Can this ever be? I answer undoubtingly in the affirmative. Has it ever happened in given cases? I answer, again, repeatedly. Let me explain myself more fully. All men, in a normal condition, are naturally impelled to speak the truth. As a general rule, a man only lies when he thinks that he can gain some advantage by it. For—and here is my second principle—man is only impelled to desire and action by the attraction of some apparent good. Accordingly, if there is no seeming good to be obtained by falsehood, the innate propensity to be truthful is unhindered, and develops into act. In such case we are secured from any intention to deceive. On the other hand there are facts so patent to the senses, that it is improbable that one eye-witness, impossible that many eye-witnesses, should be mistaken. Under these circumstances, we rest fully satisfied that the witness, or witnesses, have not been deceived in the perception of the object. If these two conditions conjoin, the witnesses may be said to be practically infallible in their testimony, the attested fact morally evident, and the consequent assent morally certain. Now, such instances are of frequent occurrence. For, first of all, the witnesses are not uncommonly so numerous, so differing in education, position, propensities, habits, natural character, profession, religion, age, and the like, that they could not all, at once, perceive any advantage in uttering a lie. Nay, in certain cases it happens

that a mistake even—much more a deliberate deception—would be to the serious disadvantage of the witness or witnesses, as the case may be. On the other hand, if the fact be one patent to the senses, where sensible illusion would be difficult—if the witnesses have been specially employed about the subject—if there are many of them, so that there is no chance of any error from defect of organ in the individual—it is difficult, nay impossible, to imagine an indeliberate error. I will add that if the fact has been so long attested, and none of those who are competent to do so deny the assertion, that fact has an additional claim on our undoubting assent.

Now, to apply these principles to Dr. Newman's instance. Maps have been published, not only in this country, but all over the world, in each one of which Great Britain is represented as an island. All the books of geography describe it as such. Travellers have repeatedly been to France, to Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, &c. ; they have always been obliged to cross the seas. Many have seen with their own eyes the coast of France receding from what we know to be its nearest point of contiguity into the distance. Much the same may be said of Ireland. Moreover, vessels of all sorts are constantly leaving our many ports for all these countries contiguous to us. What is more, we have Admiralty charts made by the personal survey of a whole shiplot of men, and which embrace the roadsteads all round our shores. In like manner Ordnance Survey maps have been made by several select persons, which include every bay, inlet, cape of land. These eye-witnesses have been commissioned for the express purpose, and would lose their appointment if they were discovered to have been even culpably negligent in fulfilment of their duty. And they are persons chosen out of many because of their peculiar fitness for the work. This survey is continued, as I understand, yearly. Once more : in 1863 the Channel Fleet went round the island, putting in at the principal harbours of England and Scotland. Meanwhile, during all these years, no one single person has ever disputed the fact, or even raised a doubt about it. It seems to me, therefore—though the weight of Dr. Newman's authority makes me diffident of my own opinion—that arguments *are* producible in black and white, which are commensurate with the certitude of our assent to this proposition.

Dr. Newman's second instance is taken from the past. I give it in his own words. "Father Hardouin maintained that Terence's plays, Virgil's *Æneid*, Horace's odes, and the Histories of Livy

and Tacitus, were the forgeries of the monks of the thirteenth century. That he should be able to argue in behalf of such a position, shows of course that the proof in behalf of the received opinion is not overwhelming. . . . Our common sense, however, believes in their genuineness without any hesitation or reserve, as if it had been demonstrated, and not in proportion to the available evidence in its favour, or the balance of arguments" (p. 289).

I am obliged again to express my respectful dissent from Dr. Newman's conclusion. Of course I am not referring to those erudite classical scholars, who have sifted the question to the bottom. They may have grounds of certainty, which could easily amount to all but physical evidence. But such special cases are outside the hypothesis. Taking, then, the ordinary run of educated men who have not paid a special attention to the subject, I do not think it would be found that they believe in the genuineness of those books without any reserve or hesitation, as if it had been demonstrated. They may, however, believe without reserve or hesitation in a *certain way*. I will explain what I mean. I have already defined a certain concept to be a firm adhesion of the mind to its object without any fear of error. Now there are certain judgments which the understanding has formed, more especially when the evidence is extrinsic and the judgment therefore a belief, where there is a certain firmness of adhesion and without fear of error, because nothing has arisen to excite such fear. Nobody fears about anything without having some motive of fear present to him. Our natural propensity is to trust to what others say, especially in those instances wherein teaching has been constant and uniform from boyhood. I should call this a *negative security*. Thus, I suppose, there are many among us who believed undoubtingly in the history of Romulus and Remus and of the rest of the Kings of early Rome, till we read Niebuhr. Nay, sometimes there may exist in the mind a belief without reserve or hesitation, which is demolished by the first probable evidence to the contrary. A person of education had a genuine persuasion in his own mind till quite lately that Japan was a part of the Asiatic continent to the south-west of China. The accidental inspection of a map of course dispelled the illusion.

Now I feel sure that, in the case of most men, the unreserved belief in the genuineness of the books referred to is of this quiescent description. It cannot for a moment be compared, as it seems to me, with the certainty of demonstration. Not

even the first-named geographical example can boast of such firmness of adhesion as this; how much less the one we are now considering. For there is a marked difference between the two, as we may see by testing the two cases. If a man were to come and tell me, "A book has been just published in which the author asserts that Great Britain is not an island. He tried to get round it, but altogether failed," &c., I should be tempted to believe that the writer in question was a monomaniac, and should treat his supposed discovery with as disdainful an incredulity as if he had claimed to have discovered the quadrature of the circle. But if my informant should tell me that a German professor had discovered the original MS. of Tacitus, and that there were grave reasons for ascribing it to a date certainly not earlier than the ninth century, I should be curious to know the reasons; I should not be inclined to laugh it off as a joke. It would not have a more startling effect upon me than the doubt, raised in modern times, as to the genuineness of writings ascribed to Boethius. Surely, except for scholars—and they have evidence intrinsic and extrinsic for their judgment—the firmness of adhesion to the two propositions in question is widely different.

The third and remaining instance is taken from the future. I shall quote from Dr. Newman at some length for cogent reasons which will appear in the sequel. The example is set before the reader as follows:—"Once more: what are my grounds for thinking that I, in my own particular case, shall die? I am as certain of it in my innermost mind, as I am that I now live; but what is the distinct evidence on which I allow myself to be certain? how would it tell in a court of justice? how should I fare under a cross-examination upon the grounds of my certitude? Demonstration of course I cannot have of a future event, unless by means of a divine voice; but what logical defence can I make for that undoubting, obstinate anticipation of it, of which I could not rid myself if I tried? First, the future cannot be proved *à posteriori*; therefore we are compelled by the nature of the case to put up with *à priori* arguments, that is, with antecedent probability, which is by itself no logical proof. Men tell me that there is a law of death, meaning by law a necessity; and I answer that they are throwing dust into my eyes, giving me words instead of things. What is a law but a generalized fact? and what power has the past over the future? and what power has the case of others over my own case? and how many deaths have I seen? how many ocular witnesses have imparted to me their experience of death, sufficient to establish what is called a law?

"But let there be a law of death; so there is a law, we are told, that the planets, if let alone, would severally fall into the sun—it is the centrifugal law which hinders it, and so the centripetal law is never carried out. In like manner I am not under the law of death alone, I am under a thousand laws, if I am under one, and they thwart and contradict each other. . . . No law is carried out, except in cases where it acts freely; how do I know that it will be allowed its free action in my own particular case? We are often able to avert death by medical treatment: why should death have its effect, sooner or later, in every case conceivable?" (pp. 291, 292.)

This instance is typical of a vast series like itself. It virtually includes the whole question of physical certainty, of the validity of physical induction, and of the possibility of physical science,* in the loose sense of the term. I shall therefore be excused if I enter at some length into an examination of the question.

I have remarked in a former notice that induction, as Aristotle tells us, proves the attribute of the class by means of the particular. In order therefore that any given induction may be complete, logically conclusive, it is necessary that the middle term (that is the particulars, a, b, c...x) should collectively form an equation with the minor term, or class. But this, in most if not all cases, is practically impossible, for one reason among others, that the evolutions of nature and of natural law have not arrived, as yet, at their period of completion. If I could gather together and examine or analyze all past and present phenomena which range themselves under a supposed law, there still remains an indefinite series in the future of which I cannot take stock, for the simple reason that they do not as yet exist. Nevertheless my class or species is not complete, till I can range all and each of the individuals, which it is held to represent, within its periphery by a certain judgment of experience. Till then, the mere force of induction does not justify me in predicating an attribute of the whole class; for the simple reason that I am unable to predicate it of every individual which is included under that class. The repetition of phenonema in times past, however general, *may* be accidental. There *may* be such a thing, after all, as a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, such as Democritus and Lucretius have

* I use the word not in a philosophical sense, but in the way in which it is commonly used in the English language. I cannot, of course, admit that any results whatsoever of physical investigation may by any possibility be united into a science truly and properly so called, by the *mere* force of induction.

maintained. Or, at all events, exceptions are possible. And if in the future the exceptions should become the rule, what would become of our physical induction, and of the law which we had discovered, as we fondly imagined, by its aid? If then we are left to the mercy of induction *alone*, we are shut out from physical truth altogether. Any generalization of facts other than that which is furnished by actual experience, would be unreasoning and futile. Astronomical almanacks would be of no greater value than the astrological pictures of Zadkiel, therapeutics and toxicology would be confounded; and even mechanics would become dangerously uncertain.

The fact is then, that the vast class of empirical judgments, which are the conclusions of induction and the foundation of physical science, are—to borrow a metaphor from botany—*diacious*. They are in themselves barren and unfruitful; and need extraneous help in order to fructify. That help is given them by means of an analytical principle, whose virtue causes them to become, morally speaking, universals, clothes them with physical certitude, and, as a consequence, elevates them to the rank of experimental axioms.

The analytical principle to which I refer may be enunciated in some such way as the following: "From similar causes or from agents energizing by virtue of the same physical law or of the same natural impulsion, similar results, under similar combining circumstances are produced, unless the will of the supreme cause should intervene." In order to be able to convince the reader that this proposition embodies an analytical principle, I must first explain what I mean by an analytical principle. An analytical principle then is a universal judgment, in which the attribute represented by the predicate is essentially contained in the true and sufficient concept of the subject. It is therefore *a priori* to experience, immutable, eternal. If we examine the above proposition with care, and with adequate knowledge of the terms which it includes, we shall find, I think, that it strictly satisfies the definition just given. For in the idea of causation and, more particularly, of law, as a true representative of these respective realities, is included the idea of a first cause and of a Law-giver, Who has created a certain *order* in His creation. The reason for this assertion I will explain more fully. Causation connotes movement. All movement, even were it eternal in the past and future, necessitates a *primum mobile*, Who is Himself unmoved, immoveable. Otherwise the question would return as to the cause of that supposed movement, which would in turn

become effect of some other cause; and so on for ever without possibility of ultimate resolution. But this is justly treated by Aristotle as an absurdity.* If we examine what is truly meant by law, we find three principal elements contained in the idea. For it requires a lawgiver, a certain order, and a sanction. I shall speak at present only of the first and third, reserving the second for its proper place in the analysis. I think it will scarcely be denied by any one that law and lawgiver are correlative terms. The only objection which could be urged with any show of reason is that the term law is used primarily of moral direction, and is only applied analogically to physical. I am prepared to admit the justice of the observation, but I must deny that it in any way impairs the truth of my analysis. For the same elements are required in the physical, as in the moral, government. No one whose opinion would be of any weight could be found, I imagine, venturesome enough to maintain that the force of gravitation, or the existing laws of chemical affinity, are essentially included in the idea of substance *as such*. I say, as such; because to predicate as much of matter as at present constituted, is otiose, and involves a sort of *petitio principii*, unless indeed any one should be prepared to maintain that no material substance could have been created by the Divine Omnipotence other than that which is the object of our actual experience. However, I will take another and plainer illustration of my meaning. Is there anything, so far as we know, in the essential nature of nitrogen, which would antecedently force upon us the conclusion that it must be comparatively so indifferent to chemical affinity? or is there, in like manner, anything in the essential nature of oxygen which would compel us, prior to experience, to acknowledge its chemical activity? Yet if it were so, which I see no reason to admit, even then my position would be undisturbed. For whether what are called the forces of these substances be accidental or essential, in either case there remains the necessary question of the first ordering. And such ordering in things physical is law, and requires an orderer or lawgiver. I see no help for it, unless atoms can elect their own activity; or a fortuitous concurrence of atoms can generate a permanent series of uniform results. And, if such a hypothesis should be seriously maintained, then I am forced to say that the superstition of atheism has reached its limit, by inventing the possibility of a persistent miracle in the absence of any cause sufficient to account for it.

* *πρότεσι γὰρ οὕτως γ' εἰς ἄπειρον, ὥστ' εἶναι κένην κ.τ.λ.* (*Eth. Nic.*, i., 1).

I add—to satisfy the conditions which the idea of law essentially involves—that a sort of sanction accompanies the established constitution of nature, which justifies us in an analogical application of the term, law, to its regulated activity. For the particular well-being of each constituent, and the general well-being of the whole, depend on the observation of the order of activity and evolution, which has been imposed on each several atom.

And thus we are introduced to the last element which is contained alike in the true idea of causation and in that of physical law. Both necessarily include the idea of order. For the former exacts a steadfast relation between cause and effect; the latter, a certain order of phenomena, which, only because it is order, we are justified in calling law.

I conclude—and this is the first principle which I discover by analysis of the terms, as I understand them, which are contained in the analytical judgment now under examination—that *the order established by a wise legislator must be constant*. But when I say constant, I do not thereby exclude all exceptions. Miracles, for instance, are an exception to the law of nature; and they are miraculous, as St. Austin remarks, precisely because of their exceptional character. They are, as it were, the manifestations of God's equity, by the which He complements His own laws. But it is plain that if exceptions should form the rule there would be no order; for one so-called order would contradict and destroy the other. And such a confusion would argue folly rather than wisdom. If then God be the infinite Wisdom, it is least of all possible to imagine, in the government of His good Providence, the introduction of any such chronic disorder. As a fact, what would be the result if there were no constant order in the things of nature? Everything would go to rack and ruin. Imagine that capricious changes were allowed in the composition of the air, and that it were suddenly surcharged with carbonic acid. In less than half an hour all animal life would probably cease upon the earth. Again, we will suppose—what is, to say the least, not improbable—that there is one general sidereal cosmos, which reduces all the celestial spheres to a common unity, and that it is balanced by the same combination of forces which presides over our own solar system. If the centrifugal force were to be suspended, we should presently see all the constellations of heaven rushing together in battle for the possession of the universal centre. And at all events we know, that in such case all the planets of our system, this earth of ours included, would instantly fall headlong with resistless fury into the embrace

of the attracting sun. In like manner, if the physical order were not constant, what was food one day might become poison the next. The patient cow in our fields might suddenly tear us to pieces with unexpected fury, and the lion be quietly stretching his length beside the deserted kitchen-fire. Physical science, nay, all knowledge acquired through the senses, would be impossible. Man would cry out in the words of Othello—

Chaos is come again.

I now proceed to the enunciation of another principle, imbedded in the analytical judgment which forms the subject of our present investigation. And it is this. *When an agent acts from mere natural impulsion, and is unhindered, it acts necessarily.* Such is the nature of a natural impulsion that it inevitably compels its subject to the resultant and perfecting act. For it is what scholastics have called the *actus primus*, or first motion of the force, power, or faculty. If this first motion is natural, it must needs go on to its completion—unless violently hindered by a superior cause—till it has expended its energy in the *actus secundus*, or final result of the first impulsion. I have purposely inserted the word *natural*, because a natural impulsion proceeds from nature, and nature, in the philosophical use of the term, stands for that principle of operation innate in any being or essence by which this latter is moved onwards towards its end, and reposes in the possession of that end. Such impulsion, therefore, as we call natural, is, so to say, an essential part of that being. It can neither part with it nor hinder its development, unless violently hindered. This doctrine holds good even in the case of beings gifted with free-will to a great extent, but in all other cases it admits of no exception. It is metaphysically certain. But it is precisely such cases that we are at present contemplating. For we are concerned with the laws which govern the physical universe, and which regard man only so far as respects what he has in common with all corporal or material substance.

If we combine these two axioms, and realize their metaphysical necessity, we shall see, if I mistake not, that the principle which I have adduced as elevating the empirical judgments of induction to the rank of universals is, strictly speaking, analytical. And, if this be so, we are provided with an effectual antidote to the scepticism of Hume. For, by aid of that analytical principle, we can surely and reasonably infer from the experience of the past to the future, and physical certainty is secured upon a firm and

solid basis. And thus induction is of essential service in forming physical science, not, however, alone and of itself, but by virtue of a higher principle, which is *à priori*, only not capable of demonstration, because it is immediately evident—an object of philosophic intuition.

But I dare not leave the question thus in the reader's hands, without referring to the accusations which modern philosophy may make against my teaching. For were I to do so I might have spent my strength for nought, and the conviction which has been for a moment produced in the minds of those for whom I am labouring, may presently yield to the apparent force of an unrefuted, nay, unregistered sophism. While, then, I again protest that my main object is not to prove the philosophy which I maintain, but simply to declare it, in order that I may be able to state with greater clearness the difficulties I have to the theory maintained in the *Grammar of Assent*, I feel compelled to signalize at least the objections which the modern sceptic may bring to bear against the truth of my position.

It may be said, then, that I have throughout taken for granted the existence of an efficient causation; that, in fact, my whole theory is built up upon the supposition of its truth; and that I have never attempted to prove it. I answer that I own to the justice of the statement, but not to its justice as an objection. For, to begin with, this is not the proper place to treat of efficient causes. Again, I do not suppose that Dr. Newman, or those who may read this article, will be likely to require proof. And, lastly, the all but universal verdict of mankind through all time, and the natural instinct of common-sense, have pronounced so unmistakably in my favour that I may well be spared the necessity of entering upon such an abstruse discussion. However, I shall have something to say about it later on.

There are not a few of our modern writers, I am inclined to believe, who would vigorously protest against the indirect introduction, into my proof, of what they call teleology, or the doctrine of final causes. For it is quite the fashion now for the votaries of materialism to sneer at it. One writer in particular, of considerable repute,* whose authority I shall be presently invoking, almost goes out of his way to emphasize a deliberate exclusion of it from his new philosophy. It is for this reason, among others, that I greatly deplore the existence of a passage in Dr. Faber's writings, in which he supports the legitimacy of such exclusion by the respectable weight of his authority. In his beautiful work on

* Herbert Spencer, in his *Principles of Biology*.

the Blessed Sacrament, so fertile in thought and so full of the soundest wisdom, he has allowed himself to write as follows—"There is no reason why a theologian passionately fond of theology should not hold, as some have held, that final causes spoil philosophy, and are the mar-plot of the physical sciences. As a matter of fact his instincts may incline him the other way, but there is nothing in his theology to compel him. What seem the shortest roads to the manifestation of God are not always the most theological, and the doctrine of final causes has no special or exclusive right to that honourable epithet."* I am not sure that I understand the constructional meaning of the last clause, but the tendency and tone of the passage as a whole are unmistakable. And in a note which seems intended to be justificatory of the text, the author cites four authorities in his favour. They are Bacon, Leibnitz (two Protestants), Descartes, whose system of philosophy, to use the mildest term, has not been generally acceptable to our Catholic schools, and M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire. I do not think, if we are to go by extrinsic authority, that such names will, in the judgment of the Catholic student, to whom the passage in question seems more particularly directed, outweigh those of Aristotle, St. Thomas, Scotus, Suarez, and the greatest geniuses of the Ante and Post-Tridentine School, in whose writings the doctrine of final causes occupies no unimportant place. If the question is to be decided by its intrinsic merits, I cannot well see how the immortality of the soul, for instance, or the analytical principle which I have shown to lie at the foundation of all physical science, can be indisputably maintained, if teleology may be excluded with advantage from the sphere of philosophical investigation. For let it never be forgotten that the intention of the Creator is the end of the creature. It is true that the doctrine may be applied indiscreetly. But this is the heritage of all truths whenever they are submitted to the action of human thought. Fancy may invent, especially in physical science, imaginary ends to which the actual phenomena of nature seem adapted, and win an easy fame by substituting conjecture for calm and patient investigation. But I have yet to learn that the misuse of anything precludes its legitimate use. And, as it seems to me, the doctrine of final causes is one most necessary and important link, which gives unity to wisdom by reducing all the subaltern sciences under the supreme direction of natural theology.† In

* Bk. iii., p. 337. Second edition. 1856.

† It would be obviously out of place, in a strictly philosophical review, to introduce the question of revealed theology, which belongs to a wholly different order.

fact, as I have already hinted, its suppression would result in a loosening of all the pillars which support the great Temple of Truth.

There is one more objection which modern philosophy, so called, may make to my analytical principle, as explained by its subjoined analysis. It may be urged against me that I have taken for granted the existence of God and His creative Act, whereas the wisdom of the new era has excluded *the great Unknown*—to use its own phrase—as an unsatisfactory mystery at best, and occupying no discovered place in the commonwealth of truths. Here, again, I must own the correctness of the accusation. But I have something to say in my defence. First of all I begin by denying that God is the great Unknown, save for those who are determined not to know or own Him, and resent even the possibility of His intruding Himself into the affairs of His own creation. The arguments for His existence are irrefragable, as the reader will be able to judge in the sequel. And when once His existence is established, His nature, perfections, providence, follow by deductions which are metaphysically evident. I need not betake myself to revelation save to confirm a truth already patent to my reason, and to elevate the certitude of my conviction into a higher, a supernatural order. Natural theology will serve my turn.

But I cannot rest satisfied with this. I must carry the war into the enemy's country, and assert that if you do not admit God as the basis of your philosophy, you can in nowise arrive at any philosophy whatsoever which will not crumble to dust before the first touch of reason. Metaphysics must go. For where can be found, save in the Omnipotent Wisdom, a foundation for extrinsic and intrinsic possibility? What will become, without His everlasting Word Which is the substantial Expression of His own truth, of the unchanging essences of things? Causation, whether formal, exemplary, material, efficient, or final, if He be not present, becomes at once an undistinguishable ruin. Ethics must go. For ethics is the science of human education, or of the evolution of man's complex nature, under the direction of law. But such law must have an eternal sanction. Search through heaven and earth, no sanction of this sort will you find till you reach the throne of God. Physical science must go. For, outside of Him, no sufficient reason can be found why the phenomenon of to-day should be repeated on the morrow. Without His help, all the activity of nature would be one perpetual miracle, self-created. For all its powers and faculties

would be ever producing what is above themselves, developing into acts which, as being the proper [perfection of each power or faculty, are quite beyond the reach of these latter when unaided and alone. Otherwise, the imperfect could create the perfect, and the effect could surpass its cause. All certainty of thought would perish in the universal ruin. Little would be left save the sensible impressions of the hour; and they, too, not certainly expressive of a corresponding reality. In a word, the Atheist, if he remains true to the logical conclusion of his premisses, must rest contented with a dark past, a dark present, a dark future. We may indeed say of such an one, that it were better for him if he had never been born a man. His life would have been happier had he added one other to a herd of swine.

And now—to return to Dr. Newman's example—for the reasons just developed I cannot admit that "my future death" is a mere antecedent probability. On the contrary, it commends itself to my reason as a physical certainty. I own that *à posteriori* argument, the conclusion of induction, cannot, *by itself*, have anything to say to the future. But what I maintain is, that the inductive generalization of the past can, by aid of the analytical principle which I have exposed, become a physical universal—a law which embraces the phenomena of the future.

I am induced to introduce in this place a confirmatory argument, which is offered to hand by modern researches in physical science. I own that, without the aid of the analytical principle so often referred to, it would be of no greater force than the main argument which is derived from the universality of the law of death up to the present time. But, after what has been laid down, I may safely use it as subsidiary to, and confirmatory of, the main induction. It is true that Dr. Newman seems to preclude me from its use in the discussion of his example. For he distinctly declares—"I am not speaking of scientific men, who have diverse channels of knowledge, but of an ordinary individual, as one of ourselves" (p. 294). I think that it will not be altogether nerveless, as I hope to prove, even under the weight of this restriction. But I confess that my main object in introducing it has been to show how, in this as in other points, modern physical science is finding its way back, however unconsciously, to the principles and teaching of the Peripatetic philosophy, and therefore, of course, of the Schools.*

* There is a curious instance of this which I chanced to come across in the course of my reading, and, as it will illustrate what has been said in the text, I will quote it. Dr. Carpenter, in his work on *Vegetable Physiology* (ch. i., p. 19.

St. Thomas, relying on the authority of Aristotle, declares that the human body is naturally subject to death, "because it is composed of contrary principles, and that, from this, corruptibility follows as a necessary consequence."* I am not contending now for the physical system to which, as being the teaching of the time, he applied this analytical principle. But I say that the principle itself is precisely the conclusion to which modern chemical induction has arrived. Now for my proof.

All the authors to whom I have been able to refer agree in two points. They agree in admitting the extraordinary facility of decomposition or corruption common to living or organic structures as compared with those which are inorganic, and they also agree in ascribing this special property to a sort of antagonism existing between the original elements. Dr. T. K. Chambers goes so far as to say that "decay is more truly a part of life than it is of death, for it goes on unstayed through the whole of corporeal being, whereas, after dissolution, it gradually ceases," &c.† I must borrow a little from modern chemistry, in order to set before the reader with sufficient clearness the reasons for the second conclusion of modern physical science. The first needs no proof; for it is a fact of daily, nay, of hourly experience.

If we regard the elements of which, under various combinations, living bodies are made up, we find that there are four which are primary and chief, viz., oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. These "four elements, of which organisms are almost wholly composed, present us with certain extreme antitheses."‡ First as regards their molecular mobility; for hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are strikingly contrasted with carbon in this respect. Then, as regards chemical activity, we have as striking a contrast between the affinitive tendency of oxygen and the well-known indifference of nitrogen or azote. But "other things equal, unlike units, are more easily separated by incident forces than like units are. . . . An incident force falling on units that are but little

Bohn, London, 1860), is treating a confessedly difficult question, *i.e.*, in what vegetable is specifically distinguished from animal life. And he makes the following remark—"A better distinction than any of the above has been found in the fact originally pointed out by Aristotle, and revived in modern times by Professor Owen, that the plant receives its nourishment from the external surface, whilst the animal takes up its nourishment from within."

* "Materia autem hominis est corpus tale, quod est ex contrariis compositum, ad quod sequitur ex necessitate corruptibilitas. Et quantum ad hoc mors est homini naturalis" (2 2æ, clxiv., 1 ad 1. Cf. 3æ, xiv., 3 ad 2).

† *Clinical Lectures*, lec. i., p. 4. Fourth edition. London, 1865.

‡ Herbert Spencer, *Principles of Biology*, ch. i., vol. i., p. 5. London, 1865.

dissimilar, does not readily segregate them, but it readily segregates them if they are widely dissimilar."^{*}

Again. Another marked feature, which distinguishes organic from inorganic substances, is that the former consist of combinations of a more complex order. It is an observable fact that, though the elements in living substances are much less numerous than those which are to be found in the mineral kingdom—for in the latter between sixty and seventy have been discovered, while in the former only seventeen or eighteen—yet the composition of these elements among themselves in the case of the former is much more intricate. For, in the first place, the number of elements which compose each organic substance is greater. In the living tissues of plants and animals, the binary compounds are limited to that of the hydro-carbons, "which is in the average characterized by comparative instability and inertness."[†] And of these, those which are "found in living tissues are among the most unstable and inert."[‡] But the hydro-carbons themselves are not binary, unless, as Mr. Spencer has done, we exclude water, "because it has a mechanical function." "In the organic world, the most abundant substances are, in plants, compounds of three elements, as starch, gum, sugar, cellulose, and others, composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; and in animals of four or five elements, as albumen, fibrine, gelatine, and other compounds of the four essential elements [C, O, H, N] and sulphur."[§] It is further worth stating that as the composition becomes more complex, chemical instability proportionably increases; and, furthermore, the so-called binary compounds in organic substances are more chemically unstable than those which are found in unorganized substance. If we take these facts into account, and add to them the extreme mobility of the ultimate units in three out of the four chief elements which enter into the composition of living bodies, as well as the *allotropism*, or capability of assuming different states, which is so frequent, not in the four chief constituents only, but in the other subsidiary elements, such as sulphur, phosphorus, &c., we shall see that disintegration and decomposition are, in the case of organic substances, at once more easy and naturally to be expected.

This instability is further increased in animal organic compounds by their containing nitrogen, "which, among all the

^{*} Herbert Spencer, *Principles of Biology*, ch. i., vol. i., p. 5. London, 1865.

[†] *Ibid.*, p. 10.

[‡] *Ibid.*

[§] Kirkes' *Handbook of Physiology*, ch. i., p. 5. London, 1863.

elements, may be called the least decided in its affinities, that which maintains with least tenacity its combinations with other elements, and, secondly, by the quantity of water which, in their natural mode of existence, is combined with them, and the presence of which furnishes a most favourable condition for the decomposition of nitrogenous compounds."* I hope that the reader will see in these several facts, as they are brought one by one before his notice, the principle of antagonism which it has been my main object to elicit from the testimony of our modern chemists.

But the complexity of organic substances is not confined to the number of elements which enter into their composition; but it extends, and that in a very marked manner, to the large number of atoms of each element which are required to form a molecule of the compound. I will give an instance of what is meant from Liebig. That distinguished chemist remarks that "a particle of common salt, or of cinnabar [vermilion], presents a group of not more than two atoms; while an atom of sugar contains thirty-six elementary atoms, and the smallest particle of olive-oil consists of several hundred simple atoms."† What is the result of this complexity of constitution? Does it produce an antagonism which results in so delicate an equilibrium of forces, that a disturbing cause, comparatively small, may destroy it and cause speedy decomposition? Let the same authority furnish us with a reply. "In the common salt, the affinity or attraction is exerted only in one direction; in the atom of sugar, on the contrary, it is acting in thirty-six different directions. Without adding or withdrawing any element, we may conceive the thirty-six simple atoms, of which the atom of sugar consists, to be arranged in a thousand different ways; with every alteration in the position of any single atom of the thirty-six the compound atom ceases to be an atom of sugar, since the properties belonging to it change with every alteration in the manner of the arrangement of its constituent atoms. *It is evident that impulses of motion, certain causes tending to disturb the force of affinity, which exercise no decomposing influence upon more simply constituted atoms—as, for instance, those of inorganic substances—may, nevertheless, be capable of producing alterations in organic atoms, that is, in all atoms of a higher order. It is upon the greater complexity of composition of organic bodies, together with the lesser force with which, consequently, their constituent atoms attract each*

* Kirkes' *Handbook of Physiology*, ch. i., p. 5. London, 1863.

† *Letters on Chemistry*, l. xix., p. 173. Third edition. London, 1851.

other, that their easier decomposability depends; heat, for instance, disturbs their composition with much greater facility than it does that of inorganic bodies. The atoms of the former, once put into motion, or by the action of heat being separated to a greater distance from each other, arrange themselves into less complex atoms, in which the force of attraction acts in fewer directions, and in which it is consequently able to oppose a proportionally stronger resistance to the further action of causes of disturbance—of decomposition.”* Dr. Kirkes gives us a sort of corollary to the teaching of Liebig. He says, “*It is a general rule, that the greater the number of equivalents or atoms of an element that enter into the formation of an atom of a compound, the less is the stability of that compound.*”† And he consequently ascribes to this, as to one principal cause, the “great proneness to decomposition” of organic compounds.

The result is what Liebig tells us in the quotation I have just made. External forces or agents, though exhibiting only a normal energy, have a rapidity of influence on organic structure which is all but lost in the case of inorganic bodies. Dr. Kirkes tells us that “such is the instability of animal compounds, arising from these several peculiarities in their composition, that in dead and moist animal matter no more is requisite for the occurrence of decomposition than the presence of atmospheric air and a moderate temperature, conditions so commonly present that the decomposition of dead animal bodies appears to be, and is generally called, spontaneous.”‡

I will illustrate what has been said by a very simple example. Let us take a common flint. If we except the chances of mechanical action, that flint may remain as it is through an æon of time. Assuming it to be pure flint, it is a binary compound, which goes by the name of silica. It is composed of twenty-eight parts, by weight, of silicon, and thirty-two of oxygen. Its formula is Si O_2 ; that is, it is made up of two atoms of oxygen to one of silicon. It is very simple therefore in its composition, simple in the valency of its atoms, simple therefore in the direction of atomic forces. It is, therefore, stable. Now let us take an egg. When first it is laid, if boiled straightway, the *white* is different from what it would have been in a few hours. At first it can be separated into *lamina*; afterwards it cannot. So again, at first there is no smell of sulphuretted hydrogen;

* *Letters on Chemistry*, l. xix., pp. 173, 174.

† *Handbook of Physiology*, ch. i., p. 6.

‡ *Ibid.*

afterwards there is, though the egg is still eatable. Directly incubation begins, the contents of the egg break up into other compounds. This is the beginning of what, for want of a better name, is called vital action. If this action should happen to be stopped, then follows at once decomposition of the compound into simpler ones.* Why is this? The principal constituent of egg is *albumen*, whose formula is not absolutely known, but it is a very complex compound, and contains carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur, and phosphorus. I may add that albumen is most abundant in the human body, and most nearly pure in the serum of the blood; and that fibrine, which enters largely into the composition of our bodies, is so like albumen that chemically it is scarcely distinguishable from this latter, save, as some say, by a slight excess of oxygen. The same proneness of organic structure to decomposition, under the ordinary influences of the oxygen of the air is seen in fruits, when their surface happens to be injured, and the juicy interior comes in direct contact with the air. A brown spot appears, and their whole substance becomes rotten. The like is observable in the human body. There is a membranous sack over the knee-joint, a bursal synovial membrane, which serves very much like a stuffing-box on a locomotive, by secreting a viscous fluid for the lubrication of the joint. It not unfrequently happens that loose cartilages form there, and require extraction. This used to be done by a direct incision through the synovial membrane; but the risk of inflammation, *i.e.*, of partial change of structure, and of decomposition consequent upon the necessary admission of air, was such that Mr. Liston, in order to obviate the danger, was wont to remove the cartilage by subcutaneous section.†

These instances are a sufficient proof how sensitive organic substance is to the influence of external forces, even when the vital action, or, as I should call it, the substantial form, is present to counteract the tendency to decomposition and to repair the breaches made by external assault. But living bodies are not subject to these influences alone. There is an internal decomposition which is constantly going on; and its effects would be alarming were it not for the antagonist principle of restoration and progressive unity which exists in the substantial form. Dr. Chambers tells us that, spite of the general spread of azotized

* For instance, it breaks up into H_2S (sulphuretted hydrogen), H_2O (water), CO_2 (carbonic acid), NH_3 (ammonia).

† See Erichsen's *Science and Art of Surgery*, division iii., ch. 47, p. 696. Third edition. London, 1861.

principles, whether gelatinous or albuminous, in the human body, a quantity of nitrogen, within three months and a half, is removed by secretion or vital decay which is equal to the quantity of nitrogen in the whole fleshy parts, or nitrogenous tissue, existing in that body. The constant fecal discharges, under whatever form, are an incontestable proof of the decomposition which is ever going on during the progress of life; and though for a time that decomposition may be more than recompensed by vital action in the spring-tide of its activity, yet, in the long run, it succumbs to the undermining influences which prey upon the animal vitality of our bodies from the cradle. At first it is true that those very properties, which eventually assist in gnawing asunder the cord of life, facilitate the evolution or development of the bodily structure; but when the vital action has reached its climax, the seeds of eventual dissolution begin to germinate with a strange rapidity. The hair, half-nourished or stript of its vitality, begins to fall or change colour with the autumn of life. The bones, that great scaffolding of nature, begin to lose substance. There is an increased deposit of bone earth—*i.e.*, of phosphate of lime—while the gelatinous secretion proportionably decreases. This renders the bones very brittle, since they owe what little elasticity they have to the organized or gelatinous part. It also diminishes their specific as well as absolute weight. "The cells of the spongy tissue become much larger, and their walls acquire an extreme tenuity."* The general bulk diminishes, and there is consequently less power of resistance to external pressure.

These, and many similar facts of induction, strengthen the conclusion of actual experience, and lead to the inevitable conclusion that each one of us must die. They bring home to us the words of Dr. Chambers, already quoted, teaching us that "*decay* is more truly a part of life than it is of death." We carry about with us from the cradle the elements of easy dissolution; while, after a certain time, the conservative force of vital action diminishes in intensity, and becomes less capable of reducing its rebellious subjects to unity of order.

As I have had occasion to remark before, Dr. Newman seems, by anticipation, to have taken the wind out of my sails. He has excluded scientific men by name from the category of those, whose supposed informal inference forms the subject of his example. And it may fairly be asked what the common run of even educated men knows about living structures, their com-

* Cruveilhier's *Descriptive Anatomy*, Introduction, p. 10, vol. 1. London, 1841.

plexity of composition, the peculiar nature of the component elements, their azotic and non-azotic parts. Yet the certainty that each one of us must die is as "precise, absolute, masterful," in their case as in that of others, whose knowledge extends to these special branches of physical science. Is there not then here, at least, "a considerable 'surplusage,' as Locke calls it, of belief over proof?" With all deference to Dr. Newman's great authority, I cannot bring myself to own that there is any surplusage of belief at all in the certain judgment, which the common-sense of each man pronounces in this matter. Let him be entirely ignorant of the chemical and physiological facts alluded to above. Yet there is still sufficient evidence to justify the highest physical and moral certainty. There are few men, I imagine, who have not seen death under some form or another; few, if any, who have not had to acknowledge its presence in the immediate circle of their family and acquaintances. Their eyes are habituated to the daily list in the newspapers, and—if they live in a populous neighbourhood—to the mournful pageantry of death, as it slowly wends its way to its allotted place. Every cemetery, every churchyard, is redolent of death. Should excavations be made in some well-nigh forgotten burial-place, the delving spade or mattock lay bare at every turn fresh relics of departed generations. Churches are full of the escutcheons of death. Hatchments hang over the portals of many a house. You can scarcely walk down a street of ordinary length, but your eyes meet with some shop which has its shutters half-closed, or a house with its blinds down. As we go on in life, the names of one after another of the illustrious men of our generation appear in our public obituaries. As those personages grew older, we had been looking out for the news with a mournful assurance; and the expectation is invariably fulfilled. Then again, in the case of all those of whom we have personal knowledge the fact has brought home to us, how that there is a certain period of time for the complete evolution of life; and then that decay begins insensibly to set in. Moreover, that which we have observed in others, we have experienced in ourselves, if we have lived long enough. Of the men that we have known, whether by personal acquaintance or by public reputation, the number that has reached the age of ninety we can easily count on our fingers. And they too went away at last.

Once again. Though a person may never have applied his mind to animal chemistry, yet, if he be a man of ordinary thought, he must have often asked himself why organic structures are universally, as far as his experience goes, so perishable, while inorganic

matter, undisturbed, seems to live on for ever. He plucks a flower. It dies ere the morrow. But the huge block of granite on the side of that mountain might, for all he knows, be a register of the birth of time. Vegetable nature is endued with life; why does it all die with the first advent of winter?

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter lights and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly bed with the fair and good of ours;
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

A pestilence breaks out on a sudden, and withers up now the potato, now the vine; or it slaughters our flocks and herds; or it carries off thousands and thousands of our race. Did it ever dim the lustre of a diamond, or dissolve the mountain limestone, or transform the crystals of quartz, or rob us of our coal? Whence this difference? Would not a man of thought ask himself, at some time or other, the question? And if he did, surely he must perceive that there is an intrinsic reason for all this, not accurately known to himself, but which he instinctively attributes to that pulpieness, that cellular structure, on the one hand, and those internal forces on the other, which are constantly obtruding themselves on his attention, by their action within and without him.

Such proof, and more of the same kind, is *chiefly* physical. Now for the moral evidence which confronts him. The whole history of time is a chronicle of the churchyard. Patriarchs and kings, familiar to him from his youth, live and reign for so many years, and then sleep with their fathers, are gathered unto their people. Among the oldest of architectural remains are the sepulchres of Egyptian kings. In modern museums we come across old mummies and funeral urns. The historic period has lasted at least some six thousand years. There are those who believe that it embraces a much larger cycle of time. Yet never, with two exceptions of which I shall have more to say anon, has it been known that a single one of the children of men has escaped the common fate. Poetry, from its commencement up to our own time, has chosen the universal law of death as one of the favourite subjects of its more melancholy mood. From Job,

who exclaims, "Shall not the fulness of my days be ended shortly?"* and again, "The days of men are short, and the number of his months is with Thee; Thou hast appointed his bounds which cannot be passed,"† down to Horace, who tells us in those hackneyed lines—

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque tures. O beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,

and thence on to our present great poet-laureate with his *In memoriam*, shrouded in the obscure gloom of yew and cypress, there is scarcely one who has not sought for a common lesson in a common grave. Libraries, picture-galleries, the museum of antiquities, even the geological collection with its chipped flints and carved bones, are preachers of death, witnesses to its uniformity of triumph.

These, and the like facts, supply us with a moral evidence which is equal to physical. It may be indeed objected that I have not given them logical expression. But I maintain that they all fall—must fall—under the formal laws of thought. And without much labour I might have presented them in the shape of a skeleton as fleshless and as unattractive as a theorem of Euclid or a formula of trigonometry. To me it seems that there is, if I may say so, a superfluity of evidence; an evidence that, under one shape or another, is coming across us at every turn. And there is, perhaps above all because intuitive, the sense within us, that—

Our hearts though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

This last example leads us, by a natural transition, to the instances which Dr. Newman gives us in the chapter on formal inference, in order to illustrate the want of precision which he attributes to syllogistic conclusions, whenever they are concerned with concrete matter. Of course, I am far from denying—for I have in a former notice called explicit attention to the fact—that logical forms are modified according to the nature of the subject-matter. The evidence is sometimes moral, sometimes physical, and always one or the other whenever it is a question of fact, or of created existences. The form in such cases cannot be as rigid as it would be if we were treating of necessary and immutable truths, or it would cease to be a form at all under the circumstances. But then this is not the fault of logic. It is a property, or result

* Job x. 20.

† Job xiv. 5.

at least, of the subject to which logic happens to be applied. And, besides, if it is a question of truth, to logical laws we must submit for good or for evil. For there is no purely intellectual act which can free itself from their authority. And our judgments, in all cases, are either intuitive, or argumentative conclusions.

Let us, then, examine one or two of the examples which are set before the reader in the *Grammar of Assent*, and see whether they violate the laws of formal inference; if not, where the fault lies, if fault there be. And I naturally choose, first of all, the one which deals with death, because it brings before us the subject I have been already discussing under another form. I quote Dr. Newman's words—"All men die; therefore Elias has died;" but he has not died, and did not die. He was an exception to the general law of humanity; so far, he did not come under that law, but under the law (so to say) of Elias" (p. 273). Allow me to draw this syllogism out into explicit form. "All men die. Elias was a man. Therefore Elias dies." Now the logical form is perfect. It is a syllogism in *Barbara*, for, as we all know, a singular in logic is equivalent to a universal. Where is the error? I notice, to begin with, that Dr. Newman has changed the major term in the conclusion. He has inserted *has died* instead of *dies*. However—to let that pass—I say that the error is in the major premiss, in other words, in the *matter* of the syllogism. But with this logic has nothing whatever to do. It says—"Give me true premisses; I will engage that you shall have a true conclusion." If it had to secure material truth for us, it would be the universal science which men aim after, but will never attain to in this world.

To answer, then, the syllogism in form I must distinguish the major. All men die, by an absolute and immutable necessity,—no. All men die, if the will of God should not interfere; I subdistinguish: at some time or another,—yes; within a certain more or less definite limit of time, again I subdistinguish: if God has not willed otherwise,—yes; if He has willed to arrange it otherwise,—no.

I grant the minor.

And now for the conclusion. I allow that Elias must die at some time or other, because the divine will has not exempted him from the universal law. He will die in the days of Antichrist. I deny that he *has* died, because God's will has miraculously interposed to exempt him from the ordinary limits to which human life is subject.

The whole point is one of mere *physical* certainty, and physical certainty presupposes the non-intervention of the divine will.

The syllogism is *materially* false ; logic, as an art, assists me in discovering the error ; but it utterly disclaims any parentage with that error.

The next example which I select from Dr. Newman's book is given in the following terms—"All men have their price ; Fabricius is a man ; he has his price" (p. 272). Here, again, the logical form is perfect. I should deny the major ; and am inclined to attribute the saying to a morbid outburst of political cynicism. Never could I dream of admitting that it was a true universal.

The next example, which occurs on the same page, requires other handling. At first sight it presents a difficulty ; I call logic to my aid, and the difficulty disappears. Thus runs the syllogism ;—"Men have a conscience ; Fabricius is a man ; he has a conscience." I will answer in form.

I distinguish the major—*men have a conscience*: that is, men have the faculty of reason and judgment, by which they can determine what is morally right and wrong,—yes ; that is, men have a moral law written in their hearts, by which they can act according to the right order, firstly I subdistinguish: and they will infallibly act according to that law,—no ; and they would naturally act according to that law, secondly I subdistinguish: when the law has been more or less defaced by habitual contempt of it,—no ; when the law has not been so defaced, again I subdistinguish: in every action,—no ; in the general run of action, when the will is free from the influence of some particular passion or prejudice, lastly I subdistinguish: in the case of the incontinent (*ἀκρατής*),—no ; in the case of the continent (*ἐγκρατής*),—yes.

I concede the minor, and contradistinguish the conclusion. If it be objected to me that my answer is very complex, I reply that the fault, if fault there be, is attributable partly to the complexity of the subject-matter, in part to the ambiguity of the terms in the argument. It only shows that logic, as an art, resolves what is vague into definite expression with some labour ; not that it is not equal to its work.

The other examples, which occur on page 273, are so similar in character that I do not think it would be necessary to protract the examination. Not one of them has in any way shaken my conviction that the two faculties of reason and understanding are abundantly sufficient for the discovery of truth in every natural sphere of thought, and that, as a consequence, there is no need of admitting the existence of an illative sense, as distinguished from the two faculties already mentioned.

T. H.

A Saint's Children.

PART THE FIRST.

It often happens that names which have become repugnant to us from their connection with crime or disaster should also become so associated with holy persons, heroic deeds, or seasons of special grace in the Church, that they end by exciting in us emotions of pleasure and ideas exactly the contrary to those suggested by the characters of some who have borne them. This is remarkably the case with some of the eminent names of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when crimes and virtues were both on so gigantic a scale, and when the same families embraced at one and the same time persons of conspicuous sanctity and notoriously infamous life. We need only mention the name of the Baron de Rabutin Chantal to illustrate our meaning.

In the year 1594 the barony was represented by Christopher II., whose mother, Françoise de Cossay, was of the blood of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, so that he united in his own person the great gifts of a descent whose honour was unstained, and of a blameless life, which caused him to be honoured as one of the most considerable personages of his time. He was remarkably free from that characteristic vanity of the Rabutin family, which had, in general, been a great blot upon their talents and many gifts. Every one knows that the Baron de Chantal married the daughter of the President Frémyot, Jeanne Françoise, who thus inherited the virtues of one of the grand old French Parliamentary families, and is now known to us as the canonized saint, St. Jane Frances de Chantal. At the time of their marriage Jeanne was twenty years old, and about seven or eight years younger than her husband. From her beauty, grace, and intellectual qualities, as well as from her exceeding goodness, she was commonly known as "the perfect lady." She was, nevertheless, much teased by one weakness, which was her dislike of house-keeping, and preference for light feminine occupations and needlework to the duty of looking after the wants and regulating the expenses of the house. Her husband, who had a good share of

tact and experience, went to her one day, and in a grave, sweet way, began to tell her that he had come into his property heavily burthened with debts, and that they could only be paid off by the strictest attention to economy and good management. He went on to speak of his own mother, who had taken all the responsibility of the estates as long as she had lived, and had prevented the waste and disorder into which his servants and people had now fallen. His young wife took his words so to heart that from that day she took the management of everything her husband possessed into her hands, and as he was much employed by the King on military expeditions, she took charge of the labourers and farm people, stewards and tenants, as well as of the house servants, and often got up at dawn to arouse the household and send out the workmen to the fields.

Like Madame de Miramion and other pious women of the same period, Madame de Chantal strove to make a stand against the exorbitant demands of the fashions then in vogue, and except on festivals and at other public times, wore nothing but camlet, serge, or other woollen and linen stuffs. She was, however, always dressed with such taste and neatness that her cheap materials set her off to greater advantage than other people's splendour. She took great pains never to be short-tempered or over-exacting with her servants, and, where there was no vice, she readily forgave and overlooked their faults, and kept them as long in her service as she could. In this way, Bourbilly, the Baron de Chantal's house, became a prosperous and well-managed home, filled with industrious and pious, but thoroughly happy inmates. Games and proper plays of all sorts, walks, drives, and sports, were encouraged, and this happy home became the meeting-place of all the best society the neighbourhood and the town of Semur could afford. But whatever company was in the house, Madame de Chantal heard Mass regularly in the house-chapel, made it a rule that all her servants, and as far as she could persuade them, all her guests should be present too, and on Sundays prevailed upon the latter to go with her to the parish church, to set a good example to the labourers and village people. The poorest of these poor neighbours were daily assembled in the courtyard at Bourbilly to receive a dole of food and necessities, and all the sick and needy flocked thither whenever they pleased, to lay their wants, their maladies, and their sorrows before the lady of the house. In short, this sweet, peaceful, and amiable country life ripened to that perfection of happiness which it sometimes presents in this world, when it realizes mostly all our dreams of desire, and

pictures to us in the most vivid form that happiness of Eden which was endowed by the Creator's hand with such a wealth of natural beauty. Her happiness was crowned by the birth of six children, four of whom lived to be the solace of their mother's widowed life. Two of these, Marie-Aymée and Françoise, will become the chief subjects of our present narrative.

In the year 1601, Monsieur de Chantal left the Court rather than fulfil some royal commission which he thought dishonourable or unjust; and he returned to the quiet of Bourbilly and the society of his wife and children. This sudden renouncement of the world and its prizes was of the utmost benefit to Monsieur de Chantal. He had been drawn into the exciting current of the League and its stormy successes, mixing almost entirely with men of turbulent and ambitious lives, with whom religion was rather the dormant principle than the daily motive of their actions; and his own fervour and delicacy of conscience had necessarily suffered from the contact. But when he took up again his former life, so pure and peaceful, at Bourbilly, and, in the company of his noble and high-minded wife, fulfilled the duties of his station, and held constant intercourse with her upon religious subjects and spiritual books, M. de Chantal felt that his loss of Court favour had become to him a special grace. He also fell out of health for about six months, and that time was to both husband and wife like a long retreat, during which they became gradually purified and weaned from the world and all that it offers. It was, in fact, M. de Chantal's preparation for death; for while he was still extremely weak, some friend who had called to see him, imprudently persuaded him to go out a little way with his gun, and as they separated to place themselves advantageously in the wood to secure some game, M. de Chantal was fatally wounded by his unfortunate companion, and he was carried, almost unconscious, into the house. His poor wife, only a fortnight confined, rushed to him nearly frantic with grief. He said to her, "God's will is just; we must love Him and die." "No, no! you must live!" she passionately exclaimed, and turning to the doctors repeatedly said, "Gentlemen, you *must* cure him!" Her husband quietly replied that if the Heavenly Physician did not wish him to live, the earthly could do little towards it; and in rather more than a week, well spent in forgiving all who had injured him, in prayer, in submission, and in much suffering, M. de Chantal passed to his rest.

There are no words by which to express the grief of a widow, who, as St. Paul says, is a widow indeed, a wife whose heart and

will and life have been so given to her husband that not only have these two by the sacrament of marriage become one flesh, but also one mind, spirit, and heart. No words can express the wrench when that beautiful and intimate union—comparable only to the union of body and soul—is broken by death. For a little while Madame de Chantal, as Alexandrine de la Ferronnayes beautifully says, seemed to accompany her husband's soul on its unknown way, feeling as if he called her, though more and more faintly, to follow him; but then being forced back to the common current of life, she too felt as if the whole world was a blank. It is at such moments that the true widow feels that keenest truth that it is not death but *life* that is earth and ashes.

That which so mercifully restores others of these desolate ones restored Madame de Chantal also. She had four little children, and in trying to bring them up to be worthy of him and to meet him in safety in the next world, she spent the next period of her life. How she succeeded in regard to two, more especially, of those intrusted to her charge, will be seen in the following pages.

Marie-Aymée, called by her mother "child of my heart," was born at Bourbilly, in the year 1598. She was immediately consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and baptized by the name of Mary, after her, and Aymée, beloved, after her great aunt de Rabutin; and this name the child so thoroughly represented that her beauty, and good humour, and coaxing, loving little ways, endeared her in a few month's time to all hearts. Marie-Aymée was scarcely four years old when her father was taken from his family by a terrible death, and while he lay dying she was scarcely ever out of his room, caressing and stroking him with her little hands and putting her face to his, as if she had an instinctive knowledge that she was about to lose him. When he had breathed his last, and the child was entirely overlooked in the general grief, Marie-Aymée sat quite still on the floor in a corner, with her eyes fixed on her father's motionless remains. At length, seeming suddenly to perceive that what she looked at was her father and not her father, she burst into tears, stretched out her arms towards the corpse, and was carried sobbing away. The impression made by his loss was never effaced.

Madame de Chantal says of herself at this time, that if it had not been for the children, she should have gone off to the Holy Land, and taken refuge there as a solitary pilgrim for life. But hers was not the character so to allow of the indulgence of a selfish grief, nor were such the intentions of God concerning her. The great and precious resource of the widow, her children, was at

hand, and hindered what would only have been another form of self-indulgence and a weak yielding to vain regret. Self-sacrifice wrought in Madame de Chantal its usual results of strength and new vigour. She "ordered her life," gave much time to prayer and alms, dismissed with ample recompenses most of her servants, retrenched her wardrobe, and in all things fulfilled St. Francis of Sales idea of *une vraie veuf*—the "widow indeed" of the Apostolic commendation. Marie-Aymée, with her winning and irresistible ways and loving charm, was her mother's chief solace during her first sad days of widowhood, and gradually calmed and soothed her melancholy. She resolved to educate her carefully herself, and cultivate the virtues which began to bud forth and promise much fruit. Marie-Aymée had her faults, too, of the ordinary kind, for being gentle and timid she was liable, as all timid children are, to little concealments and pretences, till on one occasion, when she made believe to be ill, and prevaricated about it, her mother punished her sharply, for the first and last time, for the same fault. Madame de Chantal suffered very much herself when it was necessary to correct her children, but she knew that any failure in truth and straightforwardness is fatal to the character, and leads to all kinds of other evils.

After the year's mourning was ended, the President Frémyot sent for his daughter and grandchildren to Dijon, where they remained for a while, and the change and greater cheerfulness of the old Burgundian capital was of great use both to the children and their mother. Here as elsewhere, Marie-Aymée was the favourite and darling of the house, her intelligent prattle and loving caresses winning the President's heart, and making him feel that she was the very sunshine of his old age.

But the lives of the special friends of God, though chequered with passing gleams of pleasure and repose, are not in general passed in any full blaze of light, and, unlike the fruits of this world, they are ripened by storms, ice-cold, and blighting checks. Madame de Chantal soon received a letter from the old Baron de Chantal to say that if she did not go to Monthelon and live with him, he should marry another wife, and disinherit her children. Well weighing the matter, therefore, with prayer, and knowing all its accompanying evils, Madame de Chantal left the cheerful and kindly shelter of her own dear father's home and went to Monthelon, where, as Madame de Chaugy says, she spent between seven and eight years of a purgatorial life. A true purgatory it was, and one which no woman, without heroic patience and charity, could have borne. A morose and insolent housekeeper had

established herself in the chateau, where she ruled as *châtelaine* supreme with her five children, whom she obliged Madame de Chantal to treat as the equals of her own. She made all kinds of mischief between the baron and his daughter-in-law, and often grossly reviled and insulted the latter to her face. To all this insolence Madame de Chantal never replied, and always tried to return the woman good for evil. Besides the grossest misconduct, the housekeeper was wasteful and extravagant without providing a sufficiency of food and comforts; the chateau was dirty, disorderly, and in wretched repair; the property was ill-kept in every way, while the baron's temper and character were so unpleasant that it was scarcely possible to make such suggestions as would have set things somewhat to rights.

Wisely, therefore, turning to the one field left clear for her labour, Madame de Chantal put aside the contemplation of the evils she could not mitigate, and devoted herself to her little children. She rose early, and having put on one of her plain, neat gowns, she went to the nursery, and was present at the dressing and washing of her children, during which she never allowed any of the foolish chatter and flatteries to which servants are addicted, and directed Marie-Aymée's young intelligent mind to pious thoughts, or exercised her in keeping silence from unnecessary words. After the children were all dressed, she took them to wish their grandfather good morning, and to stay in his room for a little while, if he was in the humour to have them about him, which was not always. The day was then filled up with useful offices, either in the service of the children or of the old baron, or of others in the house, and of the neighbouring poor. Madame de Chantal taught her own children and those of the housekeeper to read, to repeat and explain the catechism, and thoroughly to understand their religion. On account of the state of the house, and that nothing might be reported of the housekeeper's conduct, Madame de Chantal took care never to leave Marie-Aymée alone with the servants, and watched over her children with untiring solicitude. Whenever the old baron would allow her, she read aloud some useful book in the evenings, assembling the servants in the sitting-room, according to the simple manners of the time; so that the other children, and the household in general, began to love religion and to wish to practise their duties. On Sundays and holidays she prepared little expeditions for her children among their poor neighbours. If any of them were sick, she carried with them *tisanes*, and light nourishment, while Marie-Aymée and her brother were laden

with clothes and rolls of bread. The more the little girl had to carry, the more joyously she frisked along beside her mother, and during her whole life her Sundays and holidays were happily associated with thoughts of recreation and pleasure. When they were all setting out, this admirable mother would say, "Now let us go on a pilgrimage to the Mount of Olives," or "to the Sepulchre," &c, so as to direct the children's minds and intentions, and give some special bent to their talk. In this way Marie-Aymée learnt to love the life of our Lord, and His poor, and to exercise all her childish ingenuity in devising means for helping her sick and sorrowful neighbours.

A fresh and delightful help was about this time afforded to Madame de Chantal in her children's education. She made the acquaintance of St. Francis de Sales, and the gentle and charming manner of the great Bishop made an immediate impression on Marie-Aymée, whose sensitive and joyous character found too little response from her mother's austere gravity, and had been accordingly somewhat checked and chilled. The children were all strongly attracted to the Bishop, and whenever he went to their grandfather's house they ran gladly to meet him with outstretched arms, kissed and clung to his hands, and thus surrounded by what he called his little family St. Francis was led into the room, where all the household were gathered together. Then, while her brother and sister amused themselves at play, Marie-Aymée would stand apart, half hidden, gazing with loving eyes upon the sweet and noble face of the Bishop, or gradually drawing nearer and nearer to him, and leaning against him or on the arm of his chair. St. Francis never failed to observe her, call her to him, and caress her, asking her little questions, and bidding her say her prayers and be a good child. He always took a special interest in her, and in his own charming way spoke of this to her mother in one of his letters. "In the first place Marie-Aymée is the eldest, and, besides that, I must needs love her more dearly (than the rest), because, one day when you were not at home, she was so good to me and let me give her a kiss. Have I not, therefore, good reason to ask our Lord to make her pleasing to Him?"

The children soon found the full benefit of the Bishops influence over their mother, who, like many other devout women, had gained strength and the power of self-sacrifice at a certain expense of sweetness. Nothing could be more devoted and admirable than Madame de Chantal had been as a mother, but she had forgotten that children require brightness, gaiety, and the sunshine of joy

to fill out and ripen their young lives. Every one of St. Francis' maxims to her breathed the sweetness of charity. "Do everything by love, and never by force." "As far as it is possible, deal with souls after the manner of angels, by sweetness and not by violence." "Bend your children's wills by counsels of sweetness." Discerning at a glance little Marie-Aymée's tendency to vanity, and probably to an excessive love of praise, St. Francis wrote to her mother, urging her to make war against this vice, to which women seem specially born.

Laying this warning much to heart, Madame de Chantal thought she would send her little girls at once to the Abbey of Puy-d'Orbe, where they would be out of reach of the world, and of the common temptations to a love of dress and amusement, and might perhaps pass naturally from the innocence of childhood to the life of cloistral peace for which her own heart longed. Upon this, as upon all other things, she consulted the Bishop, and he at first inclined to the plan himself. But, as time went on, St. Francis became more and more convinced of the great truth that in regard to the daughters of a family, no convent education can replace a mother's care. Finding that letters were too unsatisfactory, Madame de Chantal went to spend ten days in Savoy, to put herself completely under the Bishop's direction both for herself and her children, and on her return she took up their instruction more carefully than ever, and kept them almost always by her side. She began to teach Marie-Aymée how to make little, short, very simple meditations for a few minutes every day, and found that when some easy little points had been read to her the child could think over them, and give such a clear account afterwards of her own reflections as proved that her soul was profiting and developing by something like real mental prayer. But as children love and require change, her mother took care to vary the meditation by forms of prayer recommended by St. Francis. Night prayers were always said together, and consisted of the Litany of our Lady, a *De Profundis* for M. de Chantal, examen of conscience upon the past day, and *In manus Tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum*. Then Madame de Chantal gave her children holy water and her blessing, and had them put into their little beds. She never allowed them, under any pretexts, to sleep together.

It will sound strange to those who now seem to leave the education and development of their children's characters to the chance influences of the hour, and who so yield to their wills and whims as rather to drift along the course of life than take their children in hand as a rich vineyard which necessitates strenuous

daily toil—to hear that when Marie-Aymée was only eight years old her mother judged, from her diversity of talents and the richness and fulness of her character, that she would not be suited to a conventual life. And, wisely judging that all harvests require a very careful culture and much unwearied labour, this excellent mother spared no pains to study out this most important matter, that she might never force or drive her child in a direction not pointed out by Almighty God. She consulted both M. de Frémyot and M. de Chantal, and afterwards talked freely to the child herself, so as to bring out all the points of her character and disposition. St. Francis was perfectly satisfied with the result of Madame de Chantal's decision, and wrote to her in a beautiful letter—"As for our Aymée, if she is to live in the storm and tumult of the world, we must do everything we can to ground her a hundred times more carefully in true virtue and piety, and to furnish her boat with all the appliances necessary to meet the winds and waves." And being fully impressed with this truth, Madame de Chantal took such continued and judicious pains with her little daughter that, at an age when most children are treated as puppets, mere playthings, or intelligent animals intended only to create diversion, Marie-Aymée was a rational and most interesting companion, beginning already to understand for what end she was sent into this world, and, as far as her strength and capacity would allow, to practise Christian virtue.

In 1607 Madame de Chantal left her children and went to Annecy for Whitsuntide, where she made a kind of retreat under the direction of St. Francis. She was received under the patriarchal roof of Madame de Boissy, the Bishop's mother, who had had thirteen children, and who, after her widowhood, kept up the ancient house of Sales with a stately Christian dignity, with a numerous train of sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, children, and servants, all following a very regular, happy, and admirable life. The youngest son, Bernard de Sales, Baron de Thorens, was one day chosen by Madame de Chantal to do her some little service, and she said playfully—"I will take this son for my own share." These words, uttered only on the impulse of the moment, as the bright and noble-looking young man eagerly sprang forward to offer his hand to help her upstairs, made his mother very glad. The thought struck her immediately what an excellent thing it would be to arrange a marriage for him with Marie-Aymée, that he might be sure of the blessing of so admirable a wife as she must become. In fact, the dear old lady so fixed her heart upon this somewhat premature matter, that she gave St. Francis no

peace till he had agreed, though very reluctantly, to open the subject to Madame de Chantal and try to secure her consent. Madame de Chantal was very much surprised on hearing the proposal, and, while too well-bred to show her amazement, her mind was pre-occupied with the thought of her bright, innocent child, the delight of her two grandfathers, and with the vivid images of their grief and dismay at being deprived of their darling, even before the early flower of her age. Still, this wise mother resolved to put no obstacles in the way of what might become God's will, and merely replied that she must take time to reflect upon so unexpected a proposal.

Madame de Boissy was not only bent upon Bernard's marriage with Marie-Aymée, but was also anxious to place under Madame de Chantal's charge her eldest daughter Jeanne, who had been sent to the abbey of Puy d'Orbe to ascertain whether she had a religious vocation, but had now shown a decided preference for the usual course of life. The final arrangements having been made, in 1607 Marie-Aymée welcomed her young friend with all the enthusiasm and vivid affection of her nature to the chateau of Totes, in Burgundy, where the President Frémyot had collected all his children and grandchildren for a kind of summer holiday. It was the vintage time, and on the hills and sunny slopes of Burgundy troops of white-capped women and sturdy peasants were joyously gathering and carting the purple grapes which covered the land. But it was also the time of another harvest, and to the dismay and bitter grief of Madame de Chantal and her family, Jeanne de Sales was attacked with fever, and, after a sharp illness of a few days, she sank under it and died. Marie-Aymée never forgot this sudden and sad death, the second which had vividly impressed her feelings during her own short life. St. Francis himself was much agitated by the loss of his bright young sister, and naïvely complained of "feeling so entirely human and nothing more." It was on this occasion that, to comfort and strengthen Madame de Chantal, he wrote that beautiful letter* in which he says that "strawberries and cherries are gathered before bergamot pears, because each has its season. Let God, therefore, gather what He has planted in His own orchard. He will take each in its season." He then, with that sweet earnest severity, which sank deep, but without wounding, into the hearts of his children, reproved her for offering her own and her child's lives, as she had done, for Jeanne, bidding her not only accept sorrow from God, but accept it also exactly as he sent it. "Alas! my child," he

* The 149th.

adds "this is a deep lesson, but then God also, Who teaches it, is the Most High."

After this salutary reproof, Madame de Chantal said the following prayer every day—"O my Lord Jesus Christ, I desire never again to choose for myself! Touch that chord in my lute that is pleasing to Thyself, and it shall ever and for ever give back this single sound: 'Yes, Lord Jesus, may Thy will be done, with no ifs, with no buts, with no exceptions, whether it be for fathers, for children, for myself, and for all other things whatsoever.'"

Madame de Chantal was not a woman to shrink from difficulties, and having given her word that she would do all she could to induce her father to consent to Marie-Aymée's marriage, she at length laid before him the proposal. The President was at first entirely averse to it. Marie-Aymée was the very light of his eyes, and to send her into Savoy seemed to him like banishing her for ever, and he could not endure that she should leave Burgundy and the jurisdiction of his beloved Parliament. She was rich, too, while her proposed husband was but a poor man. But, on the other hand, the alliance with the great Bishop was one not to be despised by good people, and, in the end, the venerable President gave a generous consent, and wrote a very courteous acceptance of the offer to St. Francis de Sales. The Bishop replied by a letter full of charity, and that peculiar fragrance of courtesy and simplicity which distinguished him, and about the same time wrote also to Madame de Chantal—"That little Aymée will be one of the best-loved sisters in the world, for I shall be her brother." In fact, he never ceased to be to her, as he said himself, "the dearest brother and father all in one, the most loving and true that can be imagined."

It is rather astonishing, considering all these plans and preparations, to come back to the actual fact that Marie-Aymée was at that time a little girl of eleven years old, just about to make her First Communion, but of course the long betrothals of that day must be taken into full account.

St. Francis had wished to prepare his little future sister for her First Communion, but as this would oblige its being deferred he gave up the idea, and wrote to Madame de Chantal that he hoped God would on that day take the child for His own beloved one, and make her taste what His love was.* His prayer was answered, and from that time Marie-Aymée rapidly improved. Her little childish faults disappeared or were overcome by strength, her mind seized the idea of Christian virtue, while her will was more

* The 156th Letter.

and more bent towards it, and her character became more elevated and solid. These facts were doubly grateful to Madame de Chantal, because it now became necessary to prepare her child for the society in which she was henceforth to live. As soon as it was possible, she was to leave her side and the sheltering home of a mother's hourly watchfulness, to be launched on a career of her own. The next time she went to Dijon, Madame de Chantal took Marie-Aymée with her, and having had her dressed and set off exactly in the girlish fashions and coxcombries of the day, she made her help to receive and entertain the Dijon grandees, who flocked to congratulate their President's daughter upon the arrangement made for her child. Marie-Aymée was naturally a little thrown off her balance by her pretty frock and her new trinkets and head-dress, and after the company had gone Madame de Chantal scolded her rather sharply for her childish vanity. Marie-Aymée took it in excellent part, confessed her folly, and, as her mother obliged her to remain in the drawing-room every day, smartly dressed and talking politely to a number of ladies, the child found that company and dressing-up were not quite so pleasant as she had at first fancied. It is amusing to find St. Francis writing to Madame de Chantal at this time to know if the reports he heard of her having taken her daughter into society were true, and asking, also, whether his poor dear little Marie-Aymée had been obliged to wear a frightful infliction called the "moule" upon her head. The Bishop adds, in his usual charming way, *à propos* of this *chignon* of his day—"Not that there would be any harm in it, for you know I like heads to be well-ground (*moulées*), and if that little head has been ground by yours I shall love it all the more. And, you see, girls must be set off a little."

St. Francis himself travelled to Monthelon to introduce his brother to his child-betrothed, and he playfully sent timely notice to Madame de Chantal of their coming, because she wished him to see Marie-Aymée for the first time to advantage. The whole family de Chantal were gathered on the steps under the grey and weather-stained portal of the old chateau to greet the Bishop and Bernard de Sales. Marie-Aymée, a tall and finely-formed girl for her age, was very beautiful, as, with a child's blushing shyness, she clung to her aged grandfather, and as Bernard looked at her he thought he had never seen a prettier picture. The whole visit was very pleasant, and the old baron and all his family were much pleased with Bernard. But that the natural excitement of the matter might not draw Madame de Chantal from her usual peace and calm, St. Francis wrote to her immediately on his return that

well-known letter* in which he tells her that her crucified Lord must ever abide in the very midst of her heart, and that she must keep the Cross there governing her nature for the same reason that a girl whom he had once met kept a block of wood in her bucket—that the water might not lose its balance and overflow. Strengthened and comforted at the same time by the watchful counsels and care of her wise director, Madame de Chantal was able to put her daughter's marriage and future happiness into the hands of God, and to carry on her usual life and her children's education as if nothing unusual had disturbed the even tenour of their life.

E. B.

"Desolatae."

Suggested by "Il Mattino" of Maria Fabbroni.

COME forth! the argent-lidded morn
Steals o'er the dusky, pearl-grey sky,
And by-and-bye
The half-blown rose-buds, and the winds just born,
Will fill the air with sweets that breathe and die.

Come forth, the sun is rising up,
Like some glad giant, from the sea,
Oh! come with me,
And pluck the swaying water-lily's cup
From out its broad-leaf'd bark of mystery.

Ah! lady, come, put off thy sleep,
Put off awhile thy cares and fears;
Forbid thy tears;
And in these matins bright thy spirit steep,
And with this summer-flush renew thy years.

For God is in this summer joy,
As surely as in storm and shower;
And in His hour
Will bid thee break from grief and life's annoy,
And walk in strength, rejoicing in His power.

Then, lady, come, I bid thee rise,
And play thy part with manful sway—
Rise up, I pray,
So shalt thou mount the far-off vernal skies,
And hail the summer of Eternal Day.

* The 113th Letter.

The Games of the Ancients.*

It is always interesting to compare together the amusements prevalent at different times and among different nations, not only as illustrating social and political life, but also because the games of childhood and youth influence to a considerable extent the character of those who take part in them. When Horace complains that Roman boys no longer care for riding and hunting, and prefer trundling a hoop or playing at dice, he regrets the change not only as an indication of present effeminacy, but also because the disuse of the harder sports was likely to promote an ever-increasing degeneracy in the future. When the anxious father writes to the *Times* to complain of his son's exaggerated enthusiasm for cricket and comparative indifference about Greek and Latin, his object is to express his dislike of the prominence given to sports, and at the same time to check, so far as he can, the influence for evil which he believes they will have on the career and character of his son. In both points of view the consideration of games is an important one: they are a sign of the condition of things around us, and a guide in practical education.

In the present article we propose simply to give an account of a few of the amusements which seem to have been most popular in ancient times. We shall not attempt to draw the moral or to express any opinion respecting the educational value of this or that game; and we shall limit our attention to "amusements" proper, those, namely, which are followed for their own sake, and not for the sake of health, or mental or bodily culture or development. This will exclude from our notice the pursuits of the

* *Les Jeux des Anciens: Leur Description, leur Origine, leurs rapports avec la Religion, l'Histoire, les Arts, et les Mœurs.* Par L. Becq de Fouquières. Paris, C. Reinwald.

gymnasium, which were regarded as a part of the necessary training of every citizen of Athens and Sparta.

Perhaps we find the political condition of a people most clearly indicated in what may be called imitative games. We all know how fond French boys are of playing at soldiers; in the same way we find the game of "King" was prevalent in the despotic East, while it was replaced at Athens by the more democratic game of "Judge." In Herodotus we have an interesting story of the important consequences which once followed from a game of "King." The young Cyrus, who was supposed by his grandfather Astyages, King of Media, to be dead, was being brought up as the adopted son of a shepherd of the country. When he was about ten years old, he was playing one day with a number of other boys at this game in the streets of the village where his reputed father lived. Cyrus was unanimously elected king by his companions, and as such chose his ministers of state, captains, architects, &c., and allotted to them their several tasks. Among his subjects was one who refused to execute his commands, and he thereupon ordered the offender to be seized, and administered to him so severe a flogging, that as soon as he was let go, the boy ran off to his father to complain of the treatment he had received. His father, who was a person of importance in Media, was indignant that the son of a shepherd should venture to beat his child, and brought the matter before Astyages, who sent for the youthful Cyrus and asked him how he dared thus to insult the son of so eminent a person. The dignified answer of the boy, who represented that he had acted with perfect justice, and his manly bearing, attracted the King's attention. On regarding him more closely, Astyages discovered in him a remarkable likeness to himself, and a subsequent investigation led to his being recognised as the heir to the throne.

Among the Romans of the Republic, the title of king was reserved for feasts and banquets. The *rex bibendi* was the only monarch who was allowed the dangerous prerogative; but in the time of the Empire children seem to have imitated the ambition of their elders, and to have played at being generals and emperors (*ducatus et imperia ludebant*):

Suetonius tells a sad story about one of Nero's little children who was amusing himself by playing at being emperor. His father, noticing how he was amusing himself, feared lest he should hereafter aspire to the throne, and cruelly ordered his slaves to drown the child the next time they went to fish.

Of the same nature with the game of "King" was one which the Greeks called "Commands" (*κελεύσματα*). One of those present had to give orders to all of the rest, which they were bound implicitly to obey. It was generally played after dinner, and sometimes the orders given were very wild and extravagant. Another form of it was a sort of "Follow my leader," in which one person was imitated to the very letter in his every action by all the rest. It is said that on one occasion Phryne was selected to give the cue to all the other guests. Seeing how all the other women present were painted and rouged, she dipped her fingers in water, and then drew them slowly over her cheeks, afterwards wiping them on a napkin. The others were obliged to do the same, however reluctantly, and soon presented a piteous appearance, with their faces all streaked and smeared, while their napkins also bore witness to the transitory character of their bloom. Phryne alone remained uninjured by the process. We sometimes hear rather unfavourable stories about her: we can easily imagine that she was not regarded with the kindest feelings by those whom she had so mercilessly exposed to ridicule.

The game of "Judge" (or rather, juryman—*δικαστής*) dates from the days when Pericles reformed the Athenian law courts. It seems to have had great attraction for Greek and Roman boys alike. Cato is said to have been fond of it when a boy, and to have shown at an early age his love of justice and liberty by releasing from imprisonment one of his companions, whom some older boys had tried, condemned, and sentenced to solitary imprisonment.

One form of this game, which was called "the Slaughtered Ox" (*βομφόνια*), seems to have been a little drama founded on fact, which was solemnly enacted every year at Athens, and furnished the basis of many childish parodies. It commemorated an incident which had once

happened at the feast of Jupiter. An ox had approached the altar of Jove, and had eaten the sacred cake which lay upon it. Whereupon the priest in anger struck the ox with a hatchet and killed it on the spot. Now the slaying of animals used in agriculture was strictly forbidden by an old law of Attica, and the priest was indicted for sacrilege. The magistrates, however, acquitted him, but passed a solemn sentence of condemnation on the hatchet which had been the instrument of the slaughter. The dramatized form corresponded to the original incident in the early part of the story, but the trial was a far more elaborate process. The first person summoned before the tribunal was a young girl who had moistened the whetstone on which the murderous hatchet was sharpened. Her responsibility was based on the fact that if the whetstone had been left dry, the hatchet would never have been sufficiently sharp to do the deed. She in her defence declares that the slave who sharpened the hatchet was really the guilty person; and he again throws the blame on the priest. The priest excuses himself by saying that after all the hatchet was the direct and immediate cause of the unfortunate accident, and therefore ought to be punished rather than any of the persons who had been indirectly connected with it. As the poor hatchet had nothing to say for itself, it was condemned to death and thrown into the sea. We can fancy the variety of ingenious games of which this furnished the staple among the Athenian children.

We have said that the above drama was performed at Athens every year. There were, besides, a number of other periodic games, processions, plays, &c., mostly connected with some religious festival. For instance, the Vintage Feast, which corresponded with our English Harvest Home, was an occasion on which many rough sports were of yearly occurrence in the theatre of Bacchus. One of the most popular of these was the game of leaping on a wine-skin which was filled with air (or sometimes with wine) and carefully greased. One by one the competitors came on the stage, and leapt with one foot into the centre of the inflated skin, where they tried in vain to keep their footing. As one after another slips, totters, and finally

falls off with grace on to the ground, those present shout with laughter at his discomfiture. At last, one more skilful than the rest manages to maintain his balance in the centre of the skin, and amid the cheers of the spectators carries off the skin full of wine as his reward. This game continues in several districts in the south of France to be played up to the present day.

Another game which had a quasi-sacred character on account of its being united to certain festivals of the gods, was the "Torch Race" (*λαμπαδηφορία*). There is a considerable doubt as to what was the precise nature of this game, but there are probably two different forms of it. In the simpler game the various competitors ran round a goal and back again carrying a lighted torch, the object being to bring it back in the shortest possible time without letting it go out. In its more complicated form the contest was between different strings or series of runners, who each ran a certain distance and then handed on the torch to a companion. That series was declared victorious which was the first to carry to their goal their torch still unextinguished.

We may notice here one or two amusements which can scarcely be called games proper, since the fun was entirely on one side, as in the *sagatio*, which was originally a form of Gallic wit, and was introduced into the Roman army by the legions quartered in Gaul. One of the soldiers was placed by his companions in the centre of a large military cloak (*sagum*), around which they stood, and tossed the unlucky victim repeatedly in the air, catching him each time in the centre of the cloak. It is said that Nero in his youth used to practice this somewhat cruel discipline on drunken soldiers. It is still in vogue in French barracks, and as some "new boys" know to their cost, "tossing in a blanket" is an amusement not wholly unknown in the dormitories of public schools in England.

Another of these practical jokes consisted in emptying over those who went to sleep during a banquet, the wine which still remained in their cups. M. de Fouquières charitably attempts to assign a religious origin to this

rather nasty form of wit, and says that it was perhaps at first a kind of purification to which those were subjected who were not able to watch throughout the vigils consecrated to the gods. Another less objectionable form of it compelled the sleepers to contribute a cake, or some other present, to the guest who could keep awake the longest.

In Thrace there was played during banquets a game which was probably never adopted in southern Greece. It was called "Hanging" (*ἀγγώνη*), and illustrates the disregard of human life among the Thracians. A rope was attached to the ceiling with a running noose in it, and beneath it was placed a large round stone. One of those present, who was chosen by lot, was mounted upon the stone, his head was placed in the noose, and a knife was put into his hand. The stone then rolled or was pushed away, and the person hanging had to cut the rope and so liberate himself before the fatal noose closed round his neck. If he failed in this he was strangled, amid roars of laughter from his companions, who looked on his death as an excellent joke. It is hard at the present day to understand such brutal indifference to human life, but it is to be accounted for by the belief which was prevalent among the Thracians, that all, good and bad alike, depart at their death to a happy immortality with their god Zalmoxis. In just the same way we always find suicide common among a people who regard death as the end of all things, or believe that they are absorbed into the Deity when they depart this life.

But to return to our games. There were, perhaps, none so universally popular as games of chance. These were in a great measure identical with those prevalent among ourselves. "Odd and even" (*par impar*) is too well known to need any description. Among the ancients, knuckle-bones, beans, nuts, and almonds seem to have taken the place of the more familiar cherry-stones of our boyhood. Plato tells us that on days of festival at Athens, when the religious ceremonies were over, groups of children might be seen playing in the *palæstra*, with baskets full of knuckle-bones, playing at odd and even. This game of

their childhood was carried on in a more serious form by the older Athenians, and pieces of money—drachmas, or even golden staters, took the place of the knuckle-bones or the almonds. Similar to this was the game, "How many?" in which the object was to guess the number of bones which the other held in his hand. We all know the old trick of trying to make the hand appear empty when it is really full, and full when there are few or none in it. This seems to have been as common at Athens as among ourselves, and Xenophon compares a skilful general who tries to deceive his opponent about the number of his army to a child playing at "How many?" In what was called by the Romans *micatio*, we recognise the old game of "Buck, buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" The two players, with the ancients, held up a certain number of fingers simultaneously, and each had to guess the number which the other was holding up, and the one who was nearest the fact won. This game required much practical sagacity, the object being so to vary the number held up as to perplex the adversary, and at the same time to penetrate into his combinations. It was played very fast, and great vigilance was required to guard against dishonesty. A very common Roman proverb described the man of perfect honour as one with whom you would be willing to play at this game in the dark (*dignus quicum vel in tenebris mices*). Sometimes *micatio* was adopted as a means of settlement between buyer and seller when they could not otherwise agree as to price.

The use of dice seems to have been far more widely spread in ancient than in modern times, since cards have almost completely ousted in our days all other forms of gambling. The Athenians were devoted to dice, and used to play regularly after their mid-day meal. Herodotus tells us that Pisistratus took advantage of the hour when he knew all Athens would be either taking their afternoon nap or playing at dice, to seize the city, feeling sure that it would be the best time to take them off their guard. In later times there were regular gambling-houses at Athens, which were forbidden by law, but were kept up in defiance of it. There appear to have been two games at

dice most ordinarily played. In both each player threw three dice, marked in the same way as at present, but in one he put a certain sum (a mina, or whatever stake was agreed upon) into the pool whenever he turned up the face marked with the number *one*; if he turned up three sixes he cleared the pool, and in any other case he lost and gained nothing. Whenever the pool was emptied it was replenished by a contribution from each player, and the game proceeded as before. In the other game each player named three numbers when he threw; for each number which he named correctly he received something from the pool; for each throw which did not correspond to either of the numbers named he paid in the same amount. When he threw all aright it is probable that he cleared the pool. The former of these games has a distant resemblance to the modern game of loo.

Among the early Romans games of chance seem to have been unknown, or excluded entirely by the austerity of their manners. But Greek influence soon made itself felt, and the wise advice of Cato—"Play at hoop, but never at dice" (*Trocho lude aleam fuge*), did not receive the attention it deserved. We are told that Antony gave himself up to all sorts of childish and frivolous amusements in the company of Cleopatra, and that dice was one of their favourite pastimes. Horace, in the passage mentioned above, complains that the young Romans of his day have forsaken riding and hunting for the dice which the laws forbid. As we should expect, these prohibitory laws (*lex Talaria*—from *talus*, a die) were never very effective. During the saturnalia, when unbridled license of all kind prevailed, they were in abeyance, and an epigram of Martial describes the end of this Roman festival by saying that the half-tipsy gambler, betrayed by the sound of his favourite dice-box, is dragged by the ædile from the tavern where he has been hiding himself. In the time of the Empire gambling seems to have been universal. It is one of the many vices against which Juvenal protests—

When did fell avarice so engross the mind?
Or when the lust of play so curse mankind?
No longer now the pocket's stores supply

The boundless charges of the desperate die.
 The chest is staked—trembling the steward stands,
 And scarce resigns it at his lord's commands.
 Is it a simple madness, I would know,
 To venture countless thousands on a throw,
 Yet want the soul a single piece to spare
 To clothe the slave that shivering stands and bare ? *

The Roman Emperors themselves seem to have been especially prone to gambling. Domitian and Commodus were habitual gamblers ; Claudius published a treatise on the subject, and Nero is said to have often staked on a single throw a sum amounting to about £3,000.

These games of chance were sometimes played with dice (*κύβοι, tesseræ*), sometimes with knuckle-bones (*ἀσπράγαλοι, tali*). Dice were a comparatively modern invention, whereas knuckle-bones date back from the very earliest antiquity. In one of Lucian's dialogues, Jupiter, when about to carry Ganymede to Olympus, is asked by him what companions he will have there, and what games he is to play at. To which Jupiter answers that he shall have young Cupid as his playfellow, and plenty of knuckle-bones to play with. Elsewhere the two children are described as playing together ; the crafty and malicious Cupid wins all his companion's knuckle-bones, and poor Ganymede, silent and sulky, goes on till he has lost them all, and then runs away with empty hands and in no very good temper.

Originally the game of knuckle-bones was a game of skill, not of chance, and consisted in throwing up three or five of them and catching them all on the back of the hand. When it became strictly a game of chance the four faces of the bone were marked with the numbers 1, 3, 4, 6, and had separate names. With the Greeks the face marked with 1 was called the Dog (*κύων*), with the Latins, the Vulture (*vulturius*). That marked 3 had the name of "Face Uppermost" (*ὑπέρτατος, supinus*), and so with the rest. There were also different names for the various combinations which were possible when every player threw, as was generally the case, with four bones. In the highest throw

* Juv., i., 88—94. Giffard's translation.

the four different sides of the four bones which were thrown presented themselves (1, 3, 4, 6). This was called Venus, or the royal throw (*Ἀφροδίτη*, Venus, *Jactus Venereus*, or *Basilicus*). Probably it derived this last name from the fact of its being used to decide who should be the master of Roman banquets. All the guests present threw with knuckle-bones until some one threw this royal throw. This constituted him the master of the revels for the evening. He had to decide what proportion of water was to be mixed with the wine, all the servants were under his orders, the amusements of the evening were regulated by him, and he settled how much each of the company was to drink. The lowest throw was when the four sides marked with singles were thrown. It was called *Canis*, from the name of the side. The other throws had all of them regular names, which testify to the universal prevalence of the game. Among the sixty which come down to us we find Midas, Euripides, Alexander, Lucky Throw (*καλλιζήλος*), Old Woman (*γραῦς*), Beggar (*ἀγύρτης*).

We must not dismiss the games of chance without noticing an old acquaintance, with which most of us are familiar, or at least were so in our boyhood. "Heads or Tails" may not be the most aristocratic of games, but it has the sanction of a very remote antiquity. The Greeks used to call it "Night or Day" (*νύξ ἢ ἡμέρα*), and played it, not with money, but with an oyster-shell, of which one side was black and the other white. Among the Romans it had the name of "Heads or Ship" (*capita aut navia*). This name arose from the stamp on the Roman *as*, which had on one side a double head of Janus, and on the other a ship's prow.

The games of backgammon and draughts were both very extensively played in Greece and Rome. The former had no distinctive name in Greek. It was simply called a game at dice (*κυβεία*); it is only from the context that we gather that in some passages it is some form of backgammon that is alluded to. "When we are in trouble," say Plato, "we must carefully deliberate and arrange our affairs as we best may, just as men who are playing at dice make the best use they can of their throws." Here

it is obvious that, besides the element of chance, there was a further element of skill in the game to which human life is compared. Similarly, Plutarch tells us that Parysatis, the mother of Artaxerxes, was very skilful at the game of dice. On one occasion she proposed to him to play for 1,000 darics, or about £1,100 of our money. She lost, and then proposed a second game for a slave, to be chosen by the winner from those belonging to the loser. She selected one of the slaves of Artaxerxes against whom she had a special grudge, and at once put him to death. The Romans called this game the game of the twelve lines (*Ludus duodecim scriptorum*), on account of the board marked with twelve lines which was generally employed in it. There was found at Rome in a public bath a curious drawing of a board used for playing at this game. It is very roughly sketched, and the inscription, which is in Greek, is, so far as it can be deciphered, to the following effect—"To those who play at dice Jesus Christ gives assistance and victory, to those who trace His name even when they are playing at dice." In the centre of the board there is a Greek cross, and the inscription is so arranged that the symbolic letters alpha and omega occur immediately above the cross. The omega is only arrived at by misspelling a word (*βῶλια* for *βόλια*). In this inscription M. de Fouquières sees an ingenious form of proselytism, which sought to familiarize the pagan with the name of Christ by teaching him to use it as a kind of talisman to ensure victory in the game. It is far more probable that it was only a pious expression of belief, perhaps the employment of an idle half hour, naturally expressing the thoughts which were uppermost in the mind of the writer.

Draughts (*παισσι*, *calces*, *latrunculi*) date back from a very remote antiquity. They are found on the Egyptian monuments. The suitors of Penelope are represented as engaged at playing at draughts in front of the palace of Ulysses, while the hero who has just returned to Ithaca, watches them and meditates his terrible vengeance. Euripides mentions draughts as an amusement of old men as far back as the prehistoric times of Jason and Medea. There

seems to have been a great variety in the methods in which this game was played: sometimes it was very simple, each player having three pieces only, sometimes there was a difference in the value of the pieces employed, and they amounted to twelve or sixteen for each player. Ovid mentions it, when he is describing the games which it is desirable that maidens should cultivate. Saleius Bassus wrote a short poem on the subject which is still extant, and from which we learn the character of the game as generally played at Rome. Each player had sixteen pieces, eight of which were called "robbers" (*latrones*), and eight "little robbers" (*latrunculi*). Of these the latter could only move in one direction, viz., straight forward, and one square at a time; the former could move either backwards, forwards, or sideways, and when the intermediate spaces were clear, over several squares in a single move. A piece was taken when it was enclosed between two hostile pieces, and the object of the game was to take all your adversaries pieces or to leave him in such a position that he was unable to move.

Turning to more active amusements, the various games at ball are the first to come before our notice. This pastime seems to be a favourite one in every age and every nation. Herodotus attributes its invention to the Lydians: it is mentioned more than once in Homer. Ulysses in the Isle of the Phæacians is present at a series of games held in his honour. One of them consists of a sort of dance, in which one of the dancers threw up the ball high into the air, and the other, continuing the regular motion of the dance, had to catch it before it reached the ground—

One, leaning backward, to the shadowy sky
The ball uphurled: the other with light bound
Easily caught it in his hand on high
Or ever his quivering feet regained the ground.*

Not less simple is the game which was played by Nausicaa and her companions, and which was the means of introducing Ulysses to the Court. The whole story is a quaint

* Hom., *Od.* viii. Worsley's Transl.

one, and illustrates the manners of the time. Ulysses during his wanderings on his return from Troy, is shipwrecked in the mid-ocean, and after swimming for three days and nights, at last with some difficulty reaches the coast of Phæacîa, and lies down utterly weary in a thicket by the shore, where he soon falls fast asleep. Meanwhile Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, King of the island, is sent by her father with her maidens to wash the family raiment at the river's side, not far from the place where Ulysses had landed. After their task is finished, and they have refreshed themselves with a meal, they take off their veils and begin to play at ball. The game consisted in throwing it from one to the other without ever letting it fall to the ground. After they have been playing for some time, one of the maidens misses the ball, which thereupon rolls into the river. At this they all shout in dismay, and the noise wakes Ulysses, who, not without some bashful reluctance, advances into the midst of them. All rush away in terror except Nausicaa, whom Ulysses accosts, explaining his forlorn condition, and begging for hospitality. The maiden recalls her frightened companions, and conducts Ulysses to her father's Court, where he is magnificently entertained, and escorted to Ithaca.

Various games at ball seem to have been a regular part of the Greek training, and we find attached both to the Greek gymnasium and the Roman bath a room devoted to this pastime (*sphæristerium*). The games most in use seem to have been four in number—the ball on the mark, the Phæninda, the ball on high (*οὐρανία*), and the bounding-ball.

The first of these was played as follows: The players were divided into two camps, and a line was drawn between them with a mark upon it, on which the ball was placed. Two other lines were drawn considerably in the rear of the two sets of players. One of them then advanced, and taking up the ball sought to throw it over the heads of the opposite side or through the midst of them, while they tried to catch it and send it back in a similar manner. The game continued until one party succeeded in throwing it beyond the line which was in the rear of their adversaries.

It is not very certainly known whether the two parties had to remain, each on their own side of the centre line, or whether, as in our foot-ball, a personal encounter between the contending bodies was permitted. This game was especially popular at Sparta, and must have required great skill and activity.

In the second game, which had the name of Phæninda, the players were separated as before into two camps, but its distinguished feature was that an attempt was always made to deceive the opposite party by a feint of throwing it in one direction, when it was really sent in another. The limit in this game seems not to have been a fixed one, but as soon as the ball touched the ground in the rear of either party, the game stopped, a line was drawn to mark the limit reached by the ball, and the two contending camps changed sides; that which had previously been on the defensive now making it their object to send the ball further to the rear of their opponents than the limit already marked. The party who succeeded in sending it the furthest were victors.

The game called "Sky-high" was a very simple one. The ball was thrown upwards by one of the players with all his might, and each of the others strove to catch it before it reached the ground.

The "Bounding-ball" was thrown downwards with sufficient force to make it bound up again into the air, when it was again struck down with the palm of the hand, the object of the game being to strike it as many times as possible in succession. Sometimes the game was played against a wall and by two players; in this form it seems to have been a sort of elementary commencement of hand-fives and tennis.

In some of these games the conqueror received the title of King, and the vanquished of Donkey (*ὄνος*). The reason of this may be gathered from an Egyptian painting, which represents a number of boys playing at ball mounted on the backs of their companions. Those who miss the ball have to change places with their bearers, and so receive the name of beast of burden, or donkey.

We next come to a series of romping games, which for

the most part have their counterpart in modern times. Of these the most popular were "Oyster-shell" (*ὀστρακινδα*), "Runaway," or "Touch" (*ἀποδιδρασκινδα*), "Blind-man's-buff" (*μυίνδα*), and "Lame Devil" (*ἑμπουσα*).

The first of these was a curious reproduction in childish play of the system of ostracism which prevailed at Athens and other Greek cities. When the opposition of two political rivals ran so high as to be likely to involve the State in danger, all the citizens were invited to vote for the banishment of one or other in order to secure the State from the impending crisis. Every one voting inscribed on an oyster-shell (*ὀστρακον*) the name of the statesman whom he wished to see removed, and the largest number of votes sentenced for a time to an honourable exile him against whom they were given. It was this custom which gave rise to the game of Oyster-shell. The children playing were divided into two equal bodies ranged on either side of a line drawn on the ground. An oyster-shell was then spun in the air, and according as the dark or bright side (*νύξ ἢ ἡμέρα*) came uppermost, one of the two parties took to flight and the other pursued. As soon as any one of the fugitives was captured, the prisoner had to carry his captor on his back to the camp, where he remained until the game was ended by all his companions being made prisoners. It is probably from this source that our schoolboys' game of "Prisoners' Base" is derived.

In "Runaway," one of the players shuts his eyes, while the others are retreating to various hiding-places. When they are safely lodged in their various corners, he opens his eyes and sets out to discover them. Some spot is chosen at a little distance to which they can escape when discovered, and where they are safe from the pursuer, whose object is to intercept and touch them before they can run from their lurking-places to the city of refuge.

"Blind-man's-buff" is too well known to need any explanation. It does not seem to have undergone any alteration whatever since the time when it was played by Athenian children.

In "Lame Devil," one of those who take part in the game has to hop on one leg after the rest with a hand-

kerchief in his hand with which he tries to strike them. When he succeeds in doing so, the child who is struck has to take his place. The name Empusa, or Hobgoblin, was given to this game, after the nursery bugbear, or bogey, of Athens, who was supposed to have only one available foot, the other being made of brass.

All the above are boys' rather than girls' games. "Tortoise" (*χελώνη*), on the other hand, was strictly confined to the maidens of Greece. A number of little girls walk slowly round one who stands in the centre, and is called the Tortoise, and as they move round and round, the following colloquy takes place—

Chorus. Torti-tortoise (*χελιχελώνη*), what dost thou here in the midst?

Tortoise. I wind the thread and wool of Miletus.

Chorus. But thy son—how has he perished?

Tortoise. From off the white horses he has leapt into the sea.

This is explained by M. de Fouquières as having been, in the first instance, a wail of sorrow for the Asiatic Greeks, who were torn from their homes to serve in the ill-starred expedition of Xerxes, and perished at Salamis. In this case the white horses would be either the crested waves of the sea or the ships surrounded with foam as they bound over the billows. But this seems rather a far-fetched origin for the game, and would scarcely account for its popularity in Greece.

Another game, which was nearly identical with the modern "Kiss-in-the-ring," was played by a mixed company of boys and girls, who executed the various figures of a dance, singing at the same time in harmony. At a given signal the boys formed a circle round one of the little girls, and moved slowly round her, continuing all the while their song. At length the melody came to an end, and the girl then went up to one of the boys who formed the circle, and, taking him by the ears, kissed his cheek. This was called kissing pitcher fashion, because the little boy was taken by the ears just as a pitcher by the handles.

Passing over a number of amusements, of which the mere mention is a sufficient description, such as hoop,

whip-top, swinging, leaping, stone-throwing, ducks and drakes (*ἵπποστρακισμός*), we must notice before we conclude our article one or two miscellaneous games which are of interest.

"Buffet" (*κολλαβισμός*) was a Greek game, afterwards adopted by the Romans. One of the players covers his face with his hands; another comes forward, gives him a box on the ear, and then makes him guess with which hand he had struck him. When several were playing the question was—"Who struck you?" Buffet seems to have been a rough game, and to have been played by soldiers in their barracks. Our readers will remember that when Jesus Christ was before the Jewish tribunal the soldiers made a cruel use of this game, striking their Divine Victim on the face, and then asking Him jeeringly who it was that inflicted the blow.

The game of "Cottabus" has its origin in the custom of pouring libations to the gods at the commencement of a banquet. In the circumstances attending the libation, as in the aspect of the victims offered in sacrifice, was seen a presage of good or bad fortune. If the wine which was poured from the cup gave a clear ringing sound as it struck the ground, the omen was considered a happy one; but if a dull heavy noise, this was considered a sign of ill-luck. After a time the libation to the gods was transferred to mortals, and the wine was poured to the health of this or that person. As the sound produced depended a good deal on the skill of the thrower, the custom passed into a game, and lovers invoked the name of their mistress as the liquor fell, inferring from the sound it gave their prospects of success in gaining her affections. This was the simplest form of the game. As time went on, all kinds of complications were introduced. In one form of "Cottabus," a large bowl of water was filled with a number of small floating cups, and the object of the game was to throw the wine in such a way that all or most of the cups were submerged by it. In another, the wine was thrown from a distance into a metal basin, and the aim of the thrower was to do so without spilling any of the wine. A third form was more elaborate, and

required a machine resembling a modern pair of scales. Under each of the scales was placed a basin of water containing a metal figure, which was called *Manes*. The players threw their wine into one of the scales, causing it thereby to descend and strike the head of the figure with a ringing sound. Here the object of the game was to cause the scale to descend with the greatest possible force, and at the same time to spill none of the wine thrown into it. In each case the successful thrower was rewarded by the conviction of his mistress' favour; sometimes he received in addition an immediate prize, such as a cake or some sweetmeats. There were other methods of ascertaining the affections of a mistress which were employed by those in love: sometimes they struck with one hand a poppy or anemone petal placed on the top of the closed fist of the other, and the sharpness of the sound as the leaf broke indicated the measure of their good fortune. Sometimes they tried to hit the ceiling with apple-pips placed between the thumb and first finger, and jerked upwards by a pinch.

We must conclude our account of ancient games with an amusement very popular in Greece, as it formerly was in England. Cock-fighting and quail-fighting were among the national pastimes of Sparta and Athens. Once every year there was a public cock-fight at Athens, which is said to have arisen from the following circumstance. Themistocles, as he was conducting the Athenian army against the Persians, happened to fall in with some cocks who were fighting, and took occasion to point out to his soldiers the innate heroism of these birds, who fought neither for their country, nor their gods, nor their liberty, but yet preferred death to defeat. After the war was over, a law was passed that a yearly cock-fight should be held to keep up the traditions of bravery.

In order to inspire the fighting-cocks with courage, they were fed with garlic previously to their battle. This custom is alluded to in the *Knights of Aristophanes*. An Athenian sausage-seller has been prevailed on to put himself forward in opposition to the demagogue Cleon, and the chorus are seeking to encourage him for the contest which is to take

place in the Senate between the two rivals for the popular favour—

Chorus. And here's the garlic. Swallow it down.

Sausage-seller.

What for?

Chorus. It will prime you up and make you fight the better.
Make haste.

Sausage-seller.

So I do.

Chorus.

Remember now

Show blood and game. Drive at him and denounce him.

Dash at his comb, his coxcomb, cuff it soundly.

Peck, scratch, and tear, conculcate, clapperclaw.

Bite both his wattles off and gobble 'em up.

And then return in glory to your friends.

At Sparta cock-fighting was a regular part of education. The Spartan boy was taught to imitate the quiet determined perseverance of the valiant bird. But at Athens it seems to have been merely a cruel amusement—an after-dinner spectacle.

Quail-fighting was more common even than cock-fighting. After a careful previous training, the two combatants were placed in the centre of a wide circle drawn on the ground; if either of them retreated out of it he was considered as beaten. Before the contest the owners of the birds sought to excite their courage and rouse their anger by teasing them. During the fight they shouted at them to cheer them on. Money was generally staked on the event, and these contests were often merely an excuse for gambling.

We have now finished our sketch of the principal amusements of Greece and Rome. The subject must not be dismissed without due acknowledgments to M. de Fouquières, from whose interesting book the greater portion of our information is derived. The classical reader will find in his work an elaborate discussion of many points which we have been compelled to pass over. The general reader will derive from his pages, and the careful illustrations which adorn them, a clearer conception of ancient games than we can hope to have conveyed.

R. F. C.

The Dialogues of Lydney.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE HOPES OF A LITTLE FLOCK.

THE next day was a perfect summer day for the sea-side. The sky was almost cloudless, and a slight breeze brushed the sea into life and ruffled the tops of the long low waves which spread themselves into creamy foam two hundred yards or more before they rippled up to the low-water mark on the shallow sandy shore. As the tide was down, the sands were wide and firm, and tempted our friend Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Kingshill, and the priest from London, Father Taunton, to a long desultory stroll in the forenoon, while Mrs. Kingshill was at work with some water-colours and Don Venanzio, as usual, studying. The stranger from London had seldom before seen so much of the good Italian Padre, and the conversation naturally fell upon him in the course of the walk.

"What strikes me about Don Venanzio," said Father Taunton, "and what I like so particularly about him, is that he not only seems to understand England and the many questions which are connected with the progress of the Church amongst us so much better than most foreigners—not excepting even many who have had more experience than he has had of active missionary work in our great towns—but that he seems so full of hope, so confident, as to the future, and that he speaks as if there were very great things in store for us. I only hope he has good grounds for being so sanguine."

"He's full of faith, for one thing," said Kingshill, "and I suppose that there may be something in his temperament which makes him naturally look on the brighter side. It is common enough for foreigners to be taken in by appearances, and to build extravagant hopes upon the conversions that have been taking place for the last quarter of a century, and I really believe that there were many people in Italy who thought that all England would be converted by the further development of the Oxford movement and by the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy. Such persons are liable to be all the more disappointed when things seem rather to hang fire. But I think

Don Venanzio's expectations are founded on what he considers solid ground. I suppose that when you are in the thick of the work, as the London priests generally are, you see a good deal of the other side?"

"Yes," said Father Taunton; "we seem to be always losing—that is, the people and the children, and the possible converts, and so on, whom we might look after if we had more strength and time ourselves, are far more than those whom we succeed in attending to. I think there has been an improvement as to the children of late; but then, you see, no one knows yet what will come of this new Education Bill, except that it will certainly entail fresh exertions on the part of the Catholic body, far greater than have yet been made. It is certain that we have more to do than we can do, and that losses follow because we cannot do more. If one was inclined to croak, the grounds for croaking are endless. Then London is like a great sea of souls, in which the chapels and missions are scattered like islands, few and far between, notwithstanding their increased number; for I consider moral distance to consist in isolation, and there is far less opportunity of our knowing one another and working together, and so helping one another, than you would imagine. Then the Catholic body is composed of a handful of the upper and educated class, a comparatively small number of the middle class, and a great multitude of the poor, and there are differences of race as well as of class to keep them asunder. Then you may see discouragement everywhere, if you choose; among the active laity, among those devoted to Catholic literature, among the friends of education, and among those who take up charitable works. It all looks disorganized, desultory, and on a small scale, and the results don't make any great figure, either. The body doesn't seem to hang together, or to be inspired by any great enthusiasm or devotion. Catholic professional men, Catholic writers, Catholic tradesmen, say they can't get themselves employed, or read, or patronized. Look, for instance, at books like the *Formation of Christendom*, or that excellent work on *Unity*, by Mr. Rhodes, which has really gone into questions which have never been fully treated and fathomed before—books which would have had a great run in France or in any Catholic country—and see how little impression they seem to make. Catholics don't care for them—mind, I am taking the croaking side on the matter—and Anglicans won't read them because they are afraid of them. As you say most truly, people abroad are apt to form absurd notions about our progress because

there are conversions which make some noise. Even the tide of conversions has its ebb and flow; it was almost stopped, for the moment, by the Hierarchy, and it may be stopped for a time by anything else that happens of the same kind. Most wisely did that great man among us, who above all others seems to have measured and calculated and examined our situation with the eye of a Christian General, so to speak, warn us so many years ago that the new spring of the Church among us might turn out to be 'an English spring: an uncertain anxious time of hope and fear, of joy and suffering—of bright promise and budding hope, yet withal, of keen blasts, and cold showers, and sudden storms.'"

"I very much doubt," said Kingshill, "whether any real progress, any true spring, in the moral and spiritual world, is anything else than such a spring. What does it matter, so long as a spring indeed it is? I have always felt a sort of joy in finding myself in the Church in England in this century—at a time when she is flourishing indeed, and growing and making conquests and working mighty deeds elsewhere, far more noble, perhaps, than any achievements which we have to show, and yet when there are certainly appearances in many old Catholic countries of a stage of decay and depression rather than of outward progress and present victory. It has cost the French Church many years of suffering and prostration, first under open foes and then under nominal friends, before she could rise to her present greatness, wonderful activity, and fertility; and religion is for the time losing, as it seems, in Italy, losing in Spain, losing in Austria, and nearly stamped out of Poland. In our countries, in Ireland and England and America and the English colonies, she is on the rise, and I confess I find some satisfaction in the thought that my lot is cast here and not there."

"Still, after all," said Lloyd, "what Father Taunton says about our weakness and disorganization must be allowed to have some weight. It seems difficult, in the first place, to rouse such a body to any very great exertion, and, in the second place, to expect any great effect from its exertions after they have been made."

"I think we must remember," said Kingshill, "that if we take, I do not say the simply supernatural view of the prospects of the Church, but the view which is in accordance with experience and Christian reason, we shall find that it is not imprudent to expect great things from weak and even partially disorganized bodies, provided their weakness and looseness of cohesion are

not their own fault. I can imagine that the case would be far more hopeless than it is if there was any want of good-will or of charity, if the body of which we speak was not heartily loyal, if it did not do what it could, and if its want of compactness and of vital organization was the consequence of jealousies, rivalries, the spirit of party, and the attempt to rule everything by a clique. I don't say that there have never been men among us who have shown a disposition to lead us into this error, but surely it cannot be truly said that their influence has been of any importance. They have simply hurt themselves. We certainly do not show that we are of one mind and of one heart quite in the same practical way with the first Christians at Jerusalem—though there were troubles even among them, and national bickerings to boot—but we are not broken up into parties like the Christians of Corinth in St. Paul's time. We are, in fact, very few in number—fewer than people imagine; our numbers are kept up by immigration, and, the whole nation being broken up by class divisions, it is no wonder that we have not quite got over the effects of this national misfortune. Now a weak insignificant body, if its weakness and insignificance be not brought about by its own internal miseries, may be just the instrument which Providence may use to leaven the great mass around it. Moreover, many of the defects which Father Taunton noticed are necessarily incidental to the beginnings of movements; there is always a tendency to aim at more than can be performed, and there must be a good many desultory efforts made before united and persistent action comes about. We want education, we want a literature that may confront the anti-Catholic press of the day hand to hand, foot to foot, on equal terms, and not leave history and antiquity and Scriptural studies and science, and even philosophy itself, in the hands of the enemy. We want all these; but at least we feel the want, and have made up our minds to supply it as time serves: we shall fail at first, and the *litterateurs* of our present generation will be easily outshone by those who come after them—only these last must please to remember that but for toil that is ungrateful and scantily paid now, they themselves would never have come into existence. Foundations don't make much show, and we have the lot to labour at the foundations. The edifice will grow upon them by and bye. If we don't lose heart, we shall have a share in one of the greatest works that has ever been wrought in the Church—the conversion of England."

"There can be no doubt," said Father Taunton, "that that is what we must hope, at all events."

"Has Don Venanzio showed you his collection of prophecies about this country?" said Kingshill. "He doesn't set much store upon individual prophecies, I think, but he thinks the concurrent witness of so many is very remarkable. There is such a thing as running down all preternatural intimations unduly, as well as such a thing as being mad after them, as some people are."

"I suppose," said Father Taunton, "that we are not meant to build very much upon them, but they may encourage us in our prayers, and labours, and even, when there is a sort of *consensus* among them, they may guide our prayers and hopes in a certain direction."

"What Don Venanzio says is this," said Kingshill, "though I would rather he told you himself than that I should be his exponent. We had a long talk about it the other day; Gertrude, my wife, rather shrinks from these things, and was speaking of some prophecies we had seen in Italy, in which it is quite undeniable that many very true and very unexpected circumstances were contained, such as the election of the present Pope, and the character of his Pontificate, the fall of Louis Philippe and of Charles Albert, the advent to power in France of Louis Napoleon, and the like. These things had certainly been foretold by a nun in the north of Italy some years before they came about, but yet there were other elements in the prophecy which have not been verified. For instance, it was said that the reign of the new Emperor of the French would be short. Don Venanzio was inclined to defend even this prophecy as containing a great deal that was genuine. The nun was a person of known sanctity, as far as sanctity can be known, and it was inevitable that there should have been mistakes in the reports of her predictions. She never gave them out in any formal manner, or wrote them down, but after her death, a collection was made in her convent of various sayings of hers to this or that person. Here you have quite enough to account for a good deal of inaccuracy. But as I said, our good Padre does not set much store by individual predictions, much less by the details contained in second-hand reports of such predictions. Yet he does seem to rest a good deal on some of the anticipations as to the ultimate conversion of England which we meet with here and there in the lives and writings of the saints or servants of God. He is fond of collecting them and comparing them. I think he builds his hopes, in the first place, on the great number of the English martyrs. The sufferings of the English Catholics for about two centuries were very great, and there were certainly a great many among them as

to whom we may say, historically speaking, and without assuming the prerogative of the Holy See, that they must have been real martyrs. This is a good foundation to build on, and we find an immense interest in these very martyrs throughout Catholic countries at the time, while the sufferings of the Catholics here elicited a great sympathy, and at the same time we find a widespread conviction that so much patient endurance would have its reward at last. Then we have, in the second place, the great amount of prayer for the conversion of this country which has been made of late years all over the Catholic world; and in the third place, the remarkable course of events in England itself, which has given the Church unexpected liberty, has increased her fold by a large number of converts who came in, as it appeared, of their own accord—I mean without direct effort on the part of the Catholics to bring them over—and has also turned the minds of the most thoughtful Anglicans to the consideration of the great difficulties and inconsistencies of their own position. When prophecies come in upon the back of such reasons for expecting a certain result, they may certainly be considered as remarkable and important.”

“I must get the Padre to show me some before I go,” said Father Taunton. “I suppose it is allowable to judge somewhat from their character.”

CHAPTER XXIII.—CATHOLIC PROPHECIES.

THE party had now for some time been returning homewards, and had but a short distance to go before reaching the house, in front of which they could already see the good Italian priest pacing up and down as he was reciting his Office.

“We shall be able to catch him before he goes out,” said Kingshill, “and he will be glad enough to satisfy your curiosity. He’s not much of a hobby-rider, and he will not talk about these things in promiscuous company, but he will be communicative enough to you, I dare say. There are two prophecies which he is particularly fond of. One is that of the Ven. Marina de Escobar, the penitent of Father Luis de la Puente, who was alive at the time of the expedition of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I., into Spain, for the purpose of seeking the hand of the Infanta. It is very remarkable that this holy person, who was favoured with very wonderful visions and spiritual communications, took an intense and singular interest in the sufferings of the English Catholics under James I., and

was continually praying for them. She was a contemporary of that Doña Luisa de Carvajal who actually came over to England from Spain in order to assist in the work of conversion and of consoling the Catholics under persecution. Marina de Escobar seems to have induced Father Luis de la Puente to warn the Spanish Court on no account to listen to the proposals for the marriage of the Infanta with Prince Charles unless the latter first became a Catholic, and she always spoke of him in a tone of strong condemnation. The passages in her life which relate to England and the struggles of the Catholics in it seem to be many, but the Padre read us out one which contained the most distinct prophecy to be found in the book. She was shown in a vision all the kingdoms and parts of the world where there was either no faith or where the faith was in danger, and among them she specially mentions France, England, and Turkey. Then she was asked which of them she would desire should be converted to the faith for her sake. She answered, the Padre said, with great *naïveté*: *Todas, Señor*—"All, Lord." This, she was told, was inconsistent with the divine justice, but that she must name one, and then, although her eyes dwelt with some longing on France, she nevertheless chose England. She was answered that at present it was not disposed to conversion, and she was told how terrible its state was, as well as the state of the King then reigning (1618), but that, nevertheless, what she asked would come about, though not at that time. It would happen in future ages, but not yet, and particularly not in the lifetime of the then King, James I. It was evident that there was a strong feeling against the sapient son of Mary Queen of Scots among the foreign Catholics, as well as among their English brethren. He had thoroughly disappointed and deceived them, and the extreme cruelty as well as duplicity of his policy towards his Catholic subjects was the real and adequate cause of the Powder Plot. And yet I think there is something remarkable in the distinct declaration made to Marina that the conversion of England could not be yet. In those days Catholics, both at home and abroad, were always hoping, and, indeed, in some cases relaxing their exertions on account of their hopes. James was the son of Catholic parents, both of whom, in various ways, had been murdered by Protestants, his mother mainly on account of her religion. Then Charles I. had a Catholic wife, and of his two sons after him, Charles II. was as much of a Catholic as he was of a Christian, and James II. had the courage to be a Catholic openly. There was always some "good time coming," either in consequence of changes at Court

or of the policy of foreign powers. Pious people are always sanguine, and if Marina had merely taken the anticipations of her own fervent heart for supernatural communications, she would not have imagined that the much-desired conversion of England was to be delayed to a future generation."

Don Venanzio had finished his office, descried the approach of his friends, and was now hastening to meet them. After a few words about the weather and the beauty of the scene, Mr. Kingshill told him what they had been talking about.

"That Marina de Escobar," said the Padre, "was certainly one of the most remarkable persons of her time. She had the advantage of being guided by Father Luis de la Puente, as I dare say you have told Father Taunton, and he thought so much of her that he began to write her life, and to take notes of the wonderful things that passed in her soul. As it happened, he died before she did, and left the materials ready for what is now the first volume of her life, the second having been written by another Father who succeeded him. The whole work is extremely beautiful and interesting, especially the part written by Father Luis. The prophecy or vision which you have been speaking of occurs in the first volume. In the second there is a good deal more, collected from notes made by Marina herself, which has reference to the Catholics in England. One of her favourite practices of devotion was to pray and plead for them in every possible way. She called them her own children, and several of her most striking visions describe her seeming to be allowed to enter Heaven to beg spiritual alms for them, and then being sent to visit them in their misery, consoling and strengthening them by the gifts she brought with her. Very severe language is used about James I., and it is said that Charles was allowed providentially to make his journey into Spain, in order that he might become acquainted with Catholicism and be led to embrace it. The condition of the English Catholics is spoken of as worse than that of the Christian captives among the Moors, on account of their greater spiritual danger. Another feature of these visions is that Marina used to pray for the humiliation of the King of England and other enemies of the Catholic faith, and was gently instructed as to the spirit in which alone such prayers—as that contained in the petition of the Litany, *Ut inimicos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliare digneris*—can be made. Altogether, the two volumes of her life contain a great deal that is very interesting to us. There are some curious passages about Spain, as if it might be that the faith would some day be in great danger there."

"I think I have heard it said," said Father Taunton, "that there is a prophecy that when Spain loses the faith England is to regain it."

"I don't think that that prophecy is to be found in the life of the Ven. Marina, at all events," said Don Venanzio. "I don't remember anything that goes further than what I have told you. But now that we are talking of such matters, you must let me tell you of another prediction about England, which to my mind is remarkable, because I seem to see in its particulars an image of the present moral and religious condition of this poor country. It exists, as far as I know, in manuscript only—at least it was copied by a friend of mine out of a manuscript collection. The date is nearly the same as that of Marina de Escobar, that is, quite early in the seventeenth century. There was at that time a holy Jesuit Father living at Naples, by name Julius Mancinelli, of whom I think frequent mention is made in Lancisius, and other writers of that sort. He was asked to pray that it might be made known to him what would become of England in regard of religion (it was just at the time of the savage persecution which came after the Powder Plot). After some time the holy man had a very remarkable vision. He seemed to see a large and very fertile island, highly adorned both by nature and art. But it was assailed by storms and blasts of every kind—thunder, lightning, hail, rain, earthquakes, and other terrible prodigies. The inhabitants were running about from place to place to seek refuge, hiding themselves in holes and caverns, but all in vain, as death in some horrible form seemed to meet them on every side. At length, as their only hope, they flung themselves prostrate on the earth, and prayed to God to have mercy on them and deliver them from the effects of His indignant wrath. Then the voice of our Lord was heard addressing them, and telling them that all the calamities and afflictions which they had suffered had come upon them deservedly for their enormous sins and iniquities, as also for the sins of their Kings and Princes, and of those who had been their councillors. In this last clause it appears to me that we may see an anticipation of the time when the real governors of the country, here and elsewhere, and so the truly responsible persons, would be the Ministers of the Crown and the Parliament. 'But,' the Voice went on to say, 'I will spare you, and raise you higher than you have hitherto been. My grace shall help you, and by this and your own valour and fortitude you shall gain noble and striking victories both over Turks and barbarians and over heretics. And I will add to these yet greater favours. For as

the sanctuary of the whole earth heretofore was seated first in Jerusalem and afterwards in Rome, so also shall it come about that this sanctuary shall be set up in your island, and all nations around you shall come hither and rejoice with you over your so great felicity. And all these blessings shall come to you on account of the sufferings, prayers, and merits of the saints of your own race, that is, of the martyrs and confessors who have died either for Christ or in Christ.' So you see this prophecy brings us back again to your own martyrs."

"Well, *faxit Deus!*" said Mr. Lloyd. "I hear something of an increasing amount of devotion to our own martyrs, and even of an attempt to get them solemnly declared such at Rome. It seems very natural that such a devotion should spring up just at a time when we may hope that their prayers are beginning to bear some of their best fruit. But surely it sounds rather strange," he continued, "to be told that the English nation is to go to war in the latter days, whenever the epoch may be to which this prediction refers, against Turks and barbarians and heretics, and to gain great victories over them. That sort of thing smacks rather of the seventeenth or sixteenth century than the nineteenth, and one can hardly imagine that the generations which may have to come after us will have more inclination for religious warfare than our own. We hear of people going to war for an idea, and sometimes for nothing at all but because they want to try their strength, but as for making the Christian faith a *casus belli*, it is difficult to imagine the gentlemen of the House of Commons being asked for supplies for such a purpose."

"Perhaps," said Kingshill, "the prediction may have a moral or spiritual signification, and the warfare that is to be waged may be in the regions of thought and argument. The calamities with which the island spoken of in this manuscript is to be afflicted are not quite such as can all be supposed to happen literally. Again, I suppose we might answer, without any disrespect to a holy man like Father Mancinelli, that the thoughts and ideas of his own mind might very much colour the details of his prediction. May we not take it to imply generally that there is to come a time of restoration of spiritual blessings to England, purchased by the blood and prayers and merits of the martyrs and confessors of the faith, and that England is once again to be a great instrument in defence of the truth? The language about the sanctuary which was first at Jerusalem and then at Rome is certainly very surprising, but then again, like the words about the Ministers of the Sovereign, it would not have been very likely to have come

naturally into the head of a man of that time. One thing I think we may fairly say, that this country, and the English-speaking races generally, have a providential position in the world at present, which would be of immense and unparalleled importance if it could be used for the defence and propagation of Catholicism. Even to take material resources alone into consideration, we may remember the immense sums that are annually spent in the service of their religion by Englishmen of different persuasions, and the very great literary and personal activity which our countrymen enlist in the same cause. If all this were directed in favour of Catholicism instead of, as is so often the case, against it, there would be nothing, humanly speaking, too great for us to accomplish."

"Yes," said Father Taunton, "considerations of that sort really seem to me to make prophecies about England more probable, notwithstanding all that can be said of the weakness of our forces at present."

"I am sanguine enough myself, as our friends here well know," said Don Venanzio. "Of course I don't rely much upon prophecies, however interesting, though there may be as much folly in despising them altogether as in attaching too much importance to them. But I begin by the thought of the immense goodness of God, Who is always devising new means for the advancement of the Church and the healing of the numberless wounds which Christian society has inflicted on itself—that goodness which never sleeps and never grows old. Then much has been done for this country lately, in a quite unexpected and startling manner, and that leads us to believe that our turn for good is coming round. It seems to me, moreover, that thoughtful and well-disposed minds, of which there are certainly an innumerable multitude up and down the country, are really very much in a state of perplexity, bewilderment, and distraction as to the great question, 'What is truth?' which state may be very fairly likened to the picture drawn in Father Mancinelli's vision of the inhabitants of the island there spoken of. It almost puts me out of all patience when I see Catholics blind to what is going on around them in this country. There is a very active propagation of infidelity by means of cheap literature and constant courses of lectures, which is carried on with a zeal and an energy which surpass a good deal of what we consider activity on our own side. I fear it must be said that, sad as it is to see this apostolate of evil going on among the lower and half-educated classes, it has also been accompanied by a kindred movement in higher circles, and even

at the Universities. I consider this to be in great measure, though indirectly, owing to some High Church leaders themselves, who, when the Oxford movement took its natural and legitimate course in the direction of the Catholic Church, broke off from it instead of going along with it, and at the same time abandoned the task which its original parent had undertaken—that of giving a logical, consistent, reasonable, intellectual ground to the Anglican position both in religion and in philosophy. People have gone on preventing thoughtful and intelligent souls from becoming Catholics, but they have given them no solid rational grounds for this, and they have played into the hands of the sceptics both by the weakness of their own defensive arguments and the sophistries the use of which they have sanctioned in their despairing struggle against Catholic reasoners. The consequence is that the realm of thought and argument has been overrun by unbelievers, who use the old anti-Catholic traditions—swelled as they now are by new contributions from the so-called orthodox writers—against the Church, and have not the slightest difficulty in demolishing the puny incohesive bulwarks erected in front of the Christian truths by the very men whom they have just made use of. I notice in all that I read and in all that I hear, a great and ever-growing perplexity in society in general as to elementary truths on which the whole of Christianity rests.”

“I can quite confirm what you say,” said Father Taunton, “but you must tell us how it is that you do not despair under such circumstances.”

“Well,” said the Padre, “the truth is in the world, and the truth can make us all free. There is a body in England that has the truth, both as to philosophy and as to religion, and that is the Catholic body. One or two of our writers—I might say one alone—has conquered for himself at least, and, to some extent, for others, a hearing such as Catholics never had before. Moreover, the more men feel the want of the truth, the more they are driven to those who have it. At this moment, if the two most important points in the country, intellectually considered—I mean the seats of the two Universities—were occupied, as I may say, in force, by some small knot of Catholic preachers, who would simply put forward the religious philosophy of the Church in sermons that would answer to the *Conferences* which have been so famous in France, I would venture to say they would never fail for lack of an audience. If a good Catholic philosophy were written by some one, who would give a good account, as they say, of writers like Mill and Bain, I will answer for it that it would be

bought up and used at Oxford and at Cambridge. I know that Catholics have to fight for bare life to keep their own people and save their own children from perversion, and that what I am recommending is rather like carrying the war into the enemy's country. But I hardly know what *is* an enemy's country to a Catholic. The Pope can't die in exile, as they said to Gregory VII. at Salerno, because he has all the kingdoms of the earth given to him as an inheritance; and, in the same way, wherever there are baptized Christians, at all events, there are brethren for whose welfare those who have full Catholic privileges are bound to labour. And I should like to know how we can be sure as to any single person, or as to any number of persons, in a country like this, that he or they have forfeited their baptismal birthright by a deliberate conscious act of heresy or schism? We hear something of missionaries for the heathen, and heaven forbid that we should neglect our duty in that regard. But here at home there are millions, who belong by right to the Church, being led astray for want of teaching into the most refined, subtle, intellectual, argumentative, and cultivated heathenism that ever was. Bad philosophy, which has its hold upon men's minds mainly because there is no positive public teaching of good philosophy, is at the bottom of the whole mischief. The Council—you may laugh at my coming back to another of my favourite topics—the Council has given us a golden opportunity, by forcing on the world's attention the Church's condemnation of the prevalent philosophical errors of the day, and putting forward clearly and shortly the Catholic truth on the same points."

"Well, Padre," said Mrs. Kingshill, who had now joined the party at the gate of the garden, and had been listening for a moment or two to the conversation, "you must remember that you are bound to expound to us what the Council means on all these matters, and I must beg to object to being excluded from the audience. But you must let me put in a plea for Clara, who is coming to us to-morrow afternoon, and who, I am sure, must be a good deal in need of, or at least likely to profit by, your explanations."

"Clara! Miss Lancaster!" said Lloyd. "I didn't know you were expecting her."

"No more we were," said Kingshill, laughing, "but we heard this morning that she was coming to us, all of a sudden. She will be quite as much surprised to find you here as you will be to meet her. But I hope, at all events, you won't quarrel."

After this the party went in, and the conversation ended.

An Evening Ode.

Down drops the red sun in the burnish'd sea,
Down in rejoicing might
Into the sapphire deep.
And while his hot rim slowly vanisheth
As if all drown'd in sleep,
Soft swaying o'er the fragrant lea,
The *Ave* chime forewarns the night,
And every care and labour banisheth,

Ave Maria!

Slowly the red herd follows in a line,
The sheep-bell fainter falls,
The corn-crake's wooden note
Creaks through the green corn, rustling, waving slowly—
Like swaying, wind-tost boat ;
Then hallowing the day's decline,
Christ's coming thrice the bell recalls,
And bids us hail the maiden great and lowly.

Ave Maria!

Of thee, the Mighty Mother, dreamt the Greeks ;
Thy womb the earth enfolds,
Thy flesh the germ of life ;
Or from the mind of God as Pallas leaping
Arm'd for the deathless strife ;
Or, as Demeter, when she seeks
Her child among the doomful holds ;
Mother of harvests, sheaves of souls still reaping.

Ave Maria!

Then dreamt they thee, a bright and moon-crowned Maid,
Pure huntress of the wild ;
Chastiser of the proud,
Thy light from all base earthly churls concealing,
The false-tongued, loose-lifed crowd ;
But in the fresh and hidden shade,
To hearts still undefiled
Thy heavenly moonbright face revealing.

Ave Maria!

O loving Mother of the fall'n in fight,
 Where their dead bodies lie,
 Thou keepest watch and ward,
 Spreading thy sackcloth, scaring birds of prey,
 In sleepless, loving guard ;
 True Rispah, mother Israelite,
 Thou seest the years go by,
 Unfailing still, unknowing of decay.

Ave Maria!

Thou art the Mother of the sad and reft,
 Widow'd and Childless Maid !
 Thou by the Cross must stand,
 Thou, by thy risen Lord to Heaven ascending,
 Not placed at His Right Hand,
 But on the wild hill-side still left,
 Thy rest for years delay'd,
 Still all thy bread with tears of longing blending.

Ave Maria!

As sheaves of lilies lift their stately heads
 Beside an alley green,
 In queenlike, stainless pride,
 So the blest multitudes thy fair head crowneth
 The golden Throne beside.
 Yet violet in the fresh spring meads,
 Was never meeker, lowlier seen,
 Which in the smiling rain the April drowneth.

Ave Maria!

Then, when the red sun quenches in the wave,
 And all the earth lies still,
 Let us kneel down and say—
 Lifting our praying hands and thankful voices—
 "O Mother, be our stay,
 Strength we must plead for, love we crave,
 Light for our warped and darkened will,
 Until our soul, full-ripe, in Heaven rejoices."

Ave Maria!

Our Library Table.

1. DR. NEWMAN, we are glad to see, has published a third edition of his *Sermons on Various Occasions* (Burns and Oates). The volume is uniform in size with the *Grammar of Assent*, and with the late republication of his *Parochial and University Sermons*, by Messrs. Rivington. We are thus in a fair way to get an edition of his whole works which may be bound up together—and we may be quite certain that Dr. Newman is one of the few writers of our time whose works will certainly have to be handed on to posterity in a collected form. We venture to hope that we may soon see his volumes of Catholic lectures, on *Anglican Difficulties* and on the *Position of Catholics in England*, reissued in a form which may range with the volume now before us, and there are certain invaluable articles contributed by him to various publications which ought to be reissued, and, if possible, supplemented by others. The present volume contains two sermons which have been preached since the issue of the last edition. These are, the beautiful sermon preached at the funeral of Dr. Weedall, and that on the “Pope and the Revolution,” preached when Rome was threatened by the Italian revolution in 1866.

We are tempted to linger over this republication almost as over a new volume. It commemorates, in the sermons preached before the Catholic University of Dublin, one of the most active and important periods of a life which has been filled with labours of the greatest moment and efficacy. It contains, in its singularly characteristic Preface, that celebrated declaration of unexampled modesty which in any one but Dr. Newman would scarcely be thought genuine.* Again, the volume contains some of Dr. Newman's most exquisite productions, the two sermons, for example, on the character of St. Paul, and, in a quite different style, that most touching discourse preached at the

* “It seemed to him incongruous that one, who had so freely taught and published error in a Protestant communion, should put himself forward as a dogmatic teacher in the Catholic Church. This disinclination to engage in the more sacred department of theology was increased, first, by his finding his vocation already fixed, before he had had the opportunity of going through the regular scholastic course; and next by the circumstance that the Congregation, in which that vocation lay, had ever placed its formal duties in practical work, and had not commonly directed even the personal talents or private labours or leisure hours of its members towards the discussion or illustration of Catholic doctrine” (p. 19).

first Synod of Oscott, and called the "Second Spring." The long sermon which goes by the name of the "Mission of St. Philip," is perhaps that into which the writer's heart has been pre-eminently thrown, and when we remember the retirement in which Dr. Newman has lived for so many years, we can hardly help seeing something almost prophetic in the passage with which the last of its two parts concludes. "For me," said Dr. Newman, "my dear Fathers of the Oratory, did you ask me, and were I able, to gain some boon for you from St. Philip, which might distinguish you and your successors for the time to come, persecution I would not dare to supplicate for you, as holy men have sometimes supplicated; for the work of the Oratory is a tranquil work, and requires peace and security to do it well. Nor would I ask for you calumny and reproach, for to be slandered is to be talked about, and to some minds notoriety itself is a gratification and a snare. But I would beg for you this privilege, that the public world might never know you for praise or for blame, that you should do a good deal of hard work in your generation, and prosecute many useful labours, and effect a number of religious purposes, and send many souls to heaven, and take men by surprise, how much you were really doing, when they happened to come near enough to see it; but that by the world you should be overlooked, that you should not be known out of your own place, that you should work for God alone with a pure heart and simple eye, without the distraction of human applause, and should make Him your sole hope, and His eternal heaven your sole aim, and have your reward, not partly here, but fully and entirely hereafter" (pp. 241. 242).

2. As novels and romances are now written about every subject under heaven, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the enormous barbarities perpetrated under the order of the irresponsible rulers of the English trades' unions should have been made to furnish the machinery of Mr. Charles Reade's new story, *Put yourself in his place*. The story has been dramatized by its author, and is probably, in its theatrical form, an immense favourite with the lovers of sensational spectacles. We have not had the privilege of witnessing the performance on the stage, and are therefore unable to say how Mr. Reade has surmounted the great difficulty that must have met him—that of selecting from what we may call the wilderness of materials at his disposal just the most terrible catastrophes and diabolical attempts at destruction. We must be allowed to fancy that the incidents in which gunpowder, or fire, or water in considerable quantities must have been demanded for the scenic representation of the story, must have severely taxed the resources even of a modern London playhouse. It is a pity that the story could not have been made into two plays, or its representation given "at twice," for there is quite a surfeit of melodrama in it, and people who have a taste for such things might have the same right to complain of the manner in which the author has treated them as an epicure whose deliberate and intelligent enjoyment

of a number of scarce dishes had been spoilt by having them all forced upon him at once, with only a very limited time allowed him for their discussion. One thing is very certain, that however much the admirers of Mr. Reade's hero, Henry Little, may be inclined at the end of the story to envy him his happy possession of the wife, home, and rising fortune which he has at last obtained, few of them would be at all inclined to obey the injunctions of the author, and "put themselves in his place" during the greater part of the story.

To say the truth, the novel seems to us to have suffered greatly as a work of art by the introduction of the trades' union machinery. Some of the characters are very well conceived and very well drawn. Guy Raby, the old Squire, Jael Dence, the yeoman's daughter whom the Squire in the end marries, Dr. Amboyne, Mrs. Little, the mother of the hero, and one or two more, are living beings with much that is picturesque and interesting about them. The more elaborate characters—Henry himself, his lady-love, Miss Grace Carden, and the monster of iniquity, Frederick Coventry, who betrays Little, after the latter has saved his life, to the enmity of the trades, who afterwards plots his murder, intercepts his letters, and persuades Grace into a marriage with himself, which happily goes no further than the simple ceremony, performed, as it turns out opportunely at the end, by a shâm "parson," and on whom, not on the trades, the thunderbolts of Mr. Reade's poetical justice fall in their greatest force—these are more of the ordinary stuff to be found in many a second-rate drama. So, too, the Christmas scenes at Raby, with all that relates to the old church, in which Henry Little sets up his forge by night, show a good deal of graphic power, and an acquaintance with a certain range of scenery and of old customs. But all this part of the story could have done better by itself, and only suffers from its connection with the murderous devices of the trades' unions of Hillsborough, which belong unfortunately to the realms of black diabolical crime, and have no business to interfere in the rivalry of two young men for the hand of a beautiful girl. And, on the other hand, if, as we must suppose, the main object of Mr. Reade's work is to "write down" the trades' unions, by displaying the enormities which their directors either permit or enjoin, it is quite possible that, though the story "may be founded on fact," in so far as it gives an unexaggerated picture of the outrages which are occasionally committed by the unionists, the reader who finds the details of the various plots against Henry Little so very sensational will set down a good deal of their cruelty to the imagination of the writer. Melo-dramatic fiction is a powerful weapon to direct against a great abuse; in the present instance the picture bears on its face the signs of exaggeration. The plot, we may add, is very intricate and elaborate, but in many parts it provokes us by its extraordinary improbability and clumsiness, and thus enhances the impression of wild incoherent unreality which other elements in the composition of these volumes combine to produce.

3. *Tractent fabrilis fabri* has taken its stand as an adage, but with regard to certain things, school text-books for example, *faciant fabrilis fabri*, we think, would be a better expression. Thirty years' intercourse with scholar and grammar should let a schoolmaster into the secret of adapting one to the other—book to boy as well as boy to book, Besides the antecedent merit of being the ripened fruit of so long an experience, Father Yenni's work (*A Grammar of the Latin Language*. By Rev. D. Yenni, S.J., Professor of Greek and Latin in Springhill College, New York. John G. Shea) finds its best recommendation in its own contents. Its end is not invention but lucid arrangement. The labours of the best grammarians in Europe (the author dwells across the Atlantic) have been condensed into a manual, suited to store and refresh the student's mind through the whole of his school career. The first page lays before him the English equivalents for the six Latin cases, including what young scholars are so often left to gather for themselves, the difference between the accusative and nominative cases. Then he is presented with the five declensions, ranged side by side on one page, that he may compare their mutual variations. The same plan is followed with the conjugations of the verbs. The ordinary inflexions, the standard types of the language, are well fenced off, by a separation of chapter, from the exceptions and oddities which are apt to alarm the beginner, making him suspect that *rosa*, *servus*, *leo*, *gradus*, and *dies* are like saints—models, which ought to be imitated, but, owing to some grammatical wickedness, seldom are. The last thirty pages of the work, ending with page 296, are headed "Reading Lessons." They consist of Latin dialogues, stories, and Ciceronian extracts. These are intended apparently to serve for the exercise which the author calls *prolectio*, an invention of his own, and worthy of any teacher's notice. We give the inventor's own account:—"Let him (the teacher) every day read to his pupils ten or twelve lines from one of the best Latin authors, and having given first a literal translation, make on every leading word all the grammatical, literary, and miscellaneous observations of which it is susceptible, ending his explanation with a fluent translation in the best English possible. Let him, in fine, require of the students, for the next day, after committing to memory the passage, to give an oral repetition of what he himself has said, with such additional remarks of their own as reflection or research may have suggested." One more detail. It has often struck us that better use might be made of the waxen phase of early existence, ere susceptibility has been deadened by experience, than to intrude such verbiage as is often learnt under one form or another at school. Examples like *tu vocaris Joannes*, utterly useless except for the grammatical precept which they convey, must frequently be used in default of ought else to serve the purpose, but it is a pity that, among dozens of such sayings engrained into a young mind, there should often be few or none that will be of the least use, so far as their matter is concerned, for the sanctification or erudition of the boy's coming manhood. Father Yenni has guarded

against this waste well ; he is not for ever blending grammar with moral principle, neither does he leave the two wholly unwedded.

4. In another place in our pages some account of the two lives commemorated in *Les Deux Filles de Sainte Chantal* (Firmin Didot Frères, &c., 1870), will be given. It is the day of biographies, happily for us, as well as the despotic reign of fiction, and if the animal and insect worlds have their secrets ransacked and their dark corners illuminated for crowds of ardent students, so we have a widening and more intelligent and more earnest demand among us for the outer story and inner mystery of the lives of men. The story of the two lives told in the delightful volume before us is not wholly new, for the sayings and doings of Saint Chantal and her spiritual father are perhaps more popularly known than those of most modern saints. Yet even these take a new light and breathe a fresh shade of fragrance when seen in relation to the two daughters whose broadly different lives are here told. The elder, the Baroness de Thorens, evidently her mother's darling, died at little more than nineteen years of age, and after being a wife, a widow, and a mother, she received on her death-bed the habit of the Visitation Nuns, and made her three vows of profession. The younger, the Countess de Touloujon, became the mother-in-law of the too famous Bussy de Rabutin, and had to guide her own steps, as well as those of her son, in the thorny ways of the world during the disturbances of the Fronde, and lived to the age of eighty-five. The latter life is naturally, therefore, the most instructive for the greater number of readers, and is full of interesting details of that most picturesque of times, as well as of lessons of wisdom in the ordinary ways of life. But there is a peculiar beauty, an abundance of sweet and exquisite sayings, a series of quaint, fresh, delicately-coloured pictures, in the sketch of Bernard de Sales and his child-wife, which so enchant the mind and fill the heart as not easily to be forgotten. It is most pleasant, also—and the rareness of the circumstance adds to its pleasantness—that the background of these biographies, and especially of the former, is always occupied by two canonized saints. The place filled by St. Francis de Sales in this volume is, perhaps, fuller of beauty and of meaning than his own life by itself can ever afford. His exquisite letters, his unique, naïve sayings, his wisdom and sweetness of counsel, and his large tolerance, are all woven, as it were, into the stuff, and in this way, naturally and without effort, the beauty of the pattern is seen throughout the work, with all its variety of lights and shades and proper perspective, and is thus made thoroughly real. It is much to be wished that such writers as have the habit of packing the humility, charity, and patience of a saint into separate chapters would make a special study of the *Deux Filles de Sainte Chantal*.

5. It has not, we hope, become quite a forgotten fact that during the past year—1869—three articles appeared in successive issues of the

MONTH, which, under the title of "Japanese Sketches," gave some account of the prosperity and decline of what may be called, in short, the Japanese Church, and which, though filled up from independent missionary records, were chiefly taken from the interesting work of M. Pages—*L'Histoire de la Religion Chrétienne au Japon*—from which an indefinite series of articles might be supplied. We have, as veritable critics, two faults to find with M. Pages' valuable work, one of which, probably unavoidable, is that the second part, which he calls *Annexes*, is full of interesting matter relating to his last year's volume, and should have accompanied it as notes. The other defect, more to be regretted, is a want of method and chronology, which renders it extremely difficult to keep the threads of his narrative, and the different events passing at the same time, in mind. We should have preferred the whole matter of text and "annexes" being mixed up together, and divided into several volumes of less bulk. In this way the very beautiful letters in the present series would have fallen into their several places, and have thrown a clearer light upon the narrative, besides adding indefinitely to its interest. There is an interesting letter of Father Valignani to the Father-General of the Society of Jesus, then Aquaviva, in which, after speaking of his thirty years' residence in the Eastern missions, and being now more than seventy years old, he asks to be relieved of so great a charge, adding that the continual command of others, without being under any special obedience himself, has multiplied his imperfections, and that it is time to set his own house in order. He did not, as has been elsewhere pointed out, obtain his request, and dying in harness exactly as he had lived, he made his last declaration of utter unworthiness in his charge, but of fervent thanksgiving for having lived and died in the Society of Jesus. The extraordinary happiness and spiritual joy of the Japanese Christians, which was partially shown in the "Sketches," shines out fully in the letters given in full in M. Pages' second volume. One convert, under sentence for four years' imprisonment, speaks of the time passing like one day; another, writing in a narrow cell crammed with fellow-victims—one of whom, having gone mad with the heat, howled unceasingly—says that he is "filled with gladness;" a third, whose beautiful letter throughout is one triumphant thanksgiving, says that spring and autumn came round in his four years' captivity as if the whole time had been only an hour. Turning over these noble records, we cannot but utter a fervent wish for some "second spring" for the islands once so fertile in grace.

6. Mr. O'Callaghan's *History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France* (Cameron and Ferguson, Glasgow) is a monument of wonderful industry—a large closely-printed volume of six hundred and fifty pages, in which facts are positively crammed together, and authorities cited by the thousand. A work of this sort is always open to the criticism that it is confused and unshapely, but it would not

have been very easy for Mr. O'Callaghan to arrange his mass of materials much better. He writes well, and it is hardly possible to open the work anywhere without being at once interested. But there is the great drawback that, with all his industry, the author has not thought it worth his while to give us a table of contents. An index indeed there is, but this is hardly enough to let the reader see what he is going to have set before him, and the critic who wishes to introduce the said reader and Mr. O'Callaghan one to another is in a still worse plight.

The "Irish Brigades in the service of France" date from the revolutionary war of 1689, when a part of the Irish army was sent to France by James II. in exchange for some French troops sent to his assistance in Ireland, and from the Treaty of Limerick, when the Irish soldiers stipulated for conveyance to the Continent for themselves and as many of their countrymen as should wish to follow their example. The brigades were extinguished by the French Revolution, and when the Bourbons returned to the throne of France, the wishes of England had too great a claim upon their gratitude to be disregarded, and the idea of reviving the noble body of exiles was given up. The corps was always distinguished for its gallant and chivalrous bearing, and on more than one occasion—notably at Fontenoy—was able to turn the scale of victory against the English army. Its history is engaging in itself on account of the numberless striking incidents which it contains. It has also a very painful interest for all well-wishers to the British empire and to the friendly union of England and Ireland; for it bears witness, not less than Fenianism, not less than the intense hatred with which the name of England is regarded by so many Irishmen at home and abroad, both in the eastern and in the western hemisphere, to the suicidal folly as well as to the wickedness of the policy of persecution and oppression which so long guided all the dealings of the English Government with Ireland and her noble and enthusiastic children.

7. Of *Ignatius Loyola and the early Jesuits*, by Stewart Rose (Longmans), we must be allowed to repeat the complaint which we have made as to Mr. O'Callaghan's excellent volume. It is a mass of carefully-packed materials, arranged in a very few large divisions (called "Books"), and without anything that can be properly called a table of contents. It has evidently been done by an enthusiastic admirer of St. Ignatius and of the Society founded by him, and is altogether the best English work upon the subject—making use of St. Ignatius' Letters to an extent which makes it on this account alone, superior to all lives of the saint except that by Genelli.

The Story of the Oresteia for English Readers.

THE *Oresteia* of Æschylus is a trilogy on the subject of Orestes. A trilogy means three plays composed on consecutive parts of one main subject, and intended to be represented in succession. This is the only trilogy we have remaining. We have, indeed, three plays written by another great tragedian, Sophocles, which might well be called a trilogy, if we did not happen to know that the third play, the *Antigone*, was not composed or acted at the same time with the others. It is not surprising that in the early days of tragedy this plan of representation by trilogies was the rule. Tragedy was derived as to its subject-matter from epic poetry. In epic poetry, especially the epic poetry of Homer, the school from which tragedy sprung, we have one story naturally arising from another; and though in epic poetry there is a certain unity pervading the whole, such unity of action was not enough for tragedy. For in tragedy it is essential that there should be only one story, and that when that story ends the tragedy ends. A trilogy, then, seems to be a kind of transition from epic to dramatic poetry. As time wore on, the Greek poets gradually contented themselves with one story and one action. But in this case we have to consider three together. As a whole, they form a kind of dramatic epic. Individually, they are three distinct plays. It is a trilogy of vengeance.

In Mycenæ, one of the towns of Argolis, a district of the Peloponnesus, there reigned in ancient times a King called Atreus, who had a brother whose name was Thyestes. In his reign horrible crimes were committed. Thyestes deceived his brother Atreus, who in revenge murdered one of the children of Thyestes, and served him up as a meal to his father, at which it is said that the sun became black. Atreus dies, or is murdered, and leaves two sons, Agamemnon and Menelaus. Thyestes in his turn dies, and leaves one son, Ægisthus. Agamemnon and Menelaus marry two sisters, Clytemnestra and Helen. Helen is carried off by Paris, the son of Priam, King of Troy, and the Trojan war begins. Agamemnon takes the command of the Greek confederation, leaving behind him a body of elders to take charge of the city, as a kind of council to his wife Clytemnestra, the Regent. Ægisthus has been banished, but now returns.

The Greeks are delayed at a port in Greece by contrary winds. Agamemnon is told that the Greeks cannot leave this port—the port

of Aulis in Bœotia—till his daughter Iphigenia has been sacrificed to Artemis, because a hind sacred to her has been inadvertently slain by one of his followers. He sends a message to his wife Clytemnestra to bring her daughter to Aulis, that she may marry Achilles, the bravest of the Greeks. She comes with her daughter. Her daughter is sacrificed : and she returns to Mycenæ with a mind excited against her husband. Ægisthus is at her home, ready to make her natural indignation a deep-rooted hatred. He has his own wrongs also to avenge. The evil doom of this family is now beginning to work its accomplishment. Nine years roll on. In the tenth, Troy is taken, and the first of the three plays, the *Agamemnon*, begins.

The drama opens with a soliloquy on the part of a watchman who has been placed on a tower at Mycenæ to look out for a beacon-light. For, indeed, it had been agreed on between the Queen and her husband that on the taking of the city of Troy, in the north-west of Asia Minor, a fire should be lighted on Mount Ida, a hill close to Troy, and that the news of the taking of the city should thus be telegraphed from one place to another across the Ægean sea, till it reached Mycenæ.

The watchman bewails his long sufferings, while, on his arm, he has been like a dog, watching for this beacon, making himself acquainted with the risings and settings of all the stars. He wishes for the light, but he fears ; as, without knowing exactly why, he dreads the designs of Clytemnestra. All of a sudden, he sees the beacon, and salutes it, running down to tell the Queen what he has seen.

Then follows a noble lyric song, on the part of the old men who had been left in charge of the city, recounting all the woes, for good or for ill, that the armament met with on its outsetting. They end by expressing their surprise at Clytemnestra causing sacrifices to be made at every shrine, and then Clytemnestra herself appears. She explains that she is offering sacrifices of thanksgiving to the gods for the taking of Troy. The chorus ask her how she comes to know so soon of this great catastrophe. This question, the answer to which one might have thought they would have known before, is only to elicit her reply. It is the first account of anything like a telegraph which we have, and I have endeavoured to give it, and several other passages, in English hexameters.

Forth from the mountain of Ida the bright flame sent by Hephestos
Darted ; from beacon to beacon the courier-fire sped its swift flight.
First from Mount Ida it glanced to Hermes's island of Lemnos ;
Then to Mount Athos the torch sped its way, and from that it flew onwards,
Skimming the sea in its joyous career ; taking with it a splendour
Like to the sun in its might, till it reached the watch-towers of Macistus,
Nor was the watchman there made by sleep of his duty neglectful.
On sped the flame from Macistus, and crossed the wild streams of Euripus.
There in its turn 'twas received, and sent on by Bœotian watchers,
Lighting with fire a bundle of sticks. Still the torch sped unwearied,
Bounding as far as Cithæron, beyond the plain of Asopus.

There like a Phoenix forthwith from its ashes a new flame was kindled, Which, having crossed the lake of Gorgopis, comes to the mountain Called Ægiplanctus, and roused the watch there, so that in the succession, All that night long there was no gap left, but the watchers exulting, Sent on the bearded flame, which, blazing, passed by the great headland Under which may be seen the Saronic gulf and its islands. Next it gave a great bound, and arrived at the Mount of Arachnæ, Whence the next leap brought it here, to the royal city Mycenæ. There you may see it, of the fire of Mount Ida the lineal descendant.

She then proceeds to explain that by this beacon-light she knows Troy now to be in possession of the Greeks. She describes what she believes is the state of things within and without Troy, praying that the captors may have mercy on the captives, and reverence the gods of the country. If the victors return to their homes with evil consciences towards the gods, the curse of the gods will follow. Here she seems obscurely to hint at the approaching fate of her husband, justifying her deed in some way beforehand.

The chorus then sing a hymn to Zeus, their lord, and to the last glorious night, which has crowned them with victory, and spread over the city of Troy a net which none could escape from, young or old. They denounce the guilt of Paris, and of her who left her husband with him, leaving them to the wrath of Zeus, the protector of the rights of hospitality. They describe in words of exceeding beauty the behaviour of the husband Menelaus when he finds Helen gone. "Silent he stands by, dishonoured, not uttering a reproach, perceiving with agony that she is gone; and through love for her that is gone over the sea, her phantom will still seem to rule the house, while the beauty of marble representations of her will seem odious to her husband, for in the want of living eyes, all the charm of his wife is departed." They end by foreboding some unknown evil to Agamemnon; for an evil eye, even on the part of the gods, regards those who are too successful in life; and for themselves they pray for a moderate lot. This fear of too much prosperity, and of a doom from heaven overtaking those who are too prosperous, is constantly found in Æschylus.

Then comes a herald to announce the approach of Agamemnon, soon followed by Agamemnon himself. This is not in strict accordance with the unity of time, which indeed is not observed by Æschylus any more than the unity of place, which is equally violated in the last play of the trilogy, the *Eumenides*. Sophocles, who brought tragedy to its perfection, has more regard to these unities than Æschylus. The chorus sings another grand song, condemning Helen again, whose very name they interpret as the destroyer. She is the destroyer of cities, the destroyer of ships, the destroyer of men. They compare her to a young lion, which a man has reared in his house. "At the beginning of its life gentle, fond of children, and dear to the old; often dandled in their arms like an infant; smiling brightly to the outstretched hand. But when advanced in years it shows its natural character, and deluges the house with blood."

They then speak of the natural issue of great prosperity. There is always a doom of woe in store as a compensation. Agamemnon himself next enters in a chariot, accompanied by Cassandra, a Princess of Troy, who is now a captive. She is a prophetess, who was beloved by Apollo, and inspired by him; but with this limitation, that she was never to be believed till it was too late. She had predicted to her father the taking of Troy, his own murder at an altar, and all the dreadful events which succeeded; but she had not been believed. She was now a slave, and soon she foresees and foretells her own death and that of Agamemnon at the hands of his faithless Queen.

Agamemnon, at the gate of his own palace, before Clytemnestra comes out, salutes his own land, and thanks the gods for his safe return; praying that victory, which had as yet been his, might continue. Even here there is token of a misgiving, he knows not why. Then comes forth his wife Clytemnestra, who proceeds with fulsome and insincere words of adulation to welcome her husband.

Bashfulness now has long left me. I am not ashamed in your presence,
Men though you be, to unfold my long-concealed love for my husband.
Time has bereft me of shame. I will speak to my lord as though none else
Save he and I were in hearing, nor will I hide from him longer
What has been my wearisome life, since from him I last parted.
Dreadful it is for a woman to sit all day long in her dwelling,
Brooding alone in her sorrows, while friends one after another
Rush to tell her some tidings of new woes her husband encounters;
Always of woes, true or false; but had their tales always been truthful,
More wounds my lord would have had than a net has of holes. Yet I hoped on.
And had he died as often as these tales declared, he'd have wanted
All the three bodies of Geryon to die in, one after the other.
Hope at last left me, and, but for my friends' well-meant intervention,
I should have ended my sorrows by dooming my neck to a halter.
And so it is that Orestes, the pledge of our mutual affection,
Stands not here as he ought to have done, by the side of his mother.
Strophius rears him, the Phocian King, to preserve him from danger.

The allusion to Orestes, who was then a boy about fourteen, is here important. It is a kind of cue. In the next two plays of the trilogy he is the hero. After some more conversation, Clytemnestra goes on—

Dry are my eyes, for my fountain of tears has long been exhausted,
Not one drop is left; and by gazing all night at the lonely
Lamp in the tower, ever waiting for thee, but waiting unlighted,
Marred are my eyes. Nor yet even when I was lulled in soft slumber,
Could I for long keep them closed, a buzzing mosquito would wake me;
For in my dreams I saw more than in all my watchings to fright me.
Now having gone through so much, with my mind relieved from its torment,
Thee, my husband, I welcome as of our sheepfold the watch-dog;
Thee I salute as our ship's mainstay, as of this house the bulwark.
Thou comest here, as welcome as long-lost child to his father;
As to sailors is land, which long they've despaired of beholding.
Thou to us art like a sunshiny day appearing in winter;
Like as a fountain delights some traveller weary and way-worn.
Such are the heartfelt greetings with which I welcome your coming.
This is our happiness; only let no evil eye come between us.

Many and great have been our misfortunes ; and now, my dear husband, From your chariot descend, but not on the ground plant a footstep, You who have been the destroyer of Troy. My maidens, why linger ? Ye whose duty it is to spread the bright carpet of honour. Let there be laid forthwith the scarlet cloth to receive him, While he enters his home ; that home to which justice conducts him. When he has entered, all future cares shall be ours ; he shall freely Have all the blessings the gods have decreed to him ; these in full measure.

"That home to which justice conducts him ; the blessings the gods have decreed him." Here again is a presage of death.

Agamemnon, after a remonstrance, leaves the carriage, stepping on the scarlet carpet, and follows the Queen into the palace. He dreads the carpet, because his course has been so successful, that he fears lest this little addition may bring the evil eye of the gods upon him. Here is another omen of what is to come.

Now Cassandra, the prophetess of Apollo, dressed as a prophetess, is left alone in the chariot, where for some time she sits, silent, like a statue. At last she rises up and says—

Cass. Apollo! Apollo!

Chorus. Why stand you there with groans shouting loud the name of Apollo?

He's not the god who likes a mourner.

Cass. Apollo! Apollo!

Chorus. Ill-omened words! She's invoking a god who hates lamentations.

Cass. Thee I invoke, O Apollo! Again and alone thou'st destroyed me.

Chorus. Thine own evils thou'rt going to declare in prophetic language. Slave though thou art, thou art not too mean for the god to inspire thee.

Cass. Where hast thou brought me, Apollo? To what dread house hast thou led me?

Chorus. House! to the house of thy captor, the far-famed house of the Atreidæ.

Cass. House! yes, a house by the gods abhorred, full of murders and carnage.

Faugh! see the pavements dripping with blood and the room full of corpses.

Chorus. Keen-nosed the stranger appears, like a hound, and she's scenting out bloodshed.

Cass. Clear are the proofs to mine eyes. I see corpses of children bewailing Death by their uncle's hand ; their flesh devoured by their father!

She sees now prophetically what is going to take place in the house.

Horror of horrors! What is it she means? What is she designing? Something beyond all the rest, without cure, and none to prevent her. There, having in the bath her lord refreshed from his labours; How shall I tell the end? for the end comes quickly; she stretches Out one hand and then the other. Restrain her, restrain her! Faugh! faugh! a net is spread by a murderess, wife of his bosom. Shout o'er the race, ye furies; your rage shall yet one day be glutted. Ha! ha! see there, see there! keep the bull from the power of the heifer. There she entangles him in her black sheet, she seizes and strikes him.

She is then called within by Clytemnestra, but before she goes she foretells in plain words the death of Agamemnon, and in prophetic

strains her own. She tears off her chaplets and prophetic vestments, and casts them on the ground. She first apostrophizes Agamemnon.

Cass. Faugh! now I see what awaits myself. My own fate is blending Quickly with thine. Why brought'st thou me hither? To die with thee, surely.

Woe! woe's me! What a fire is this? To my bones it consumes me. First her husband she strikes, but I see, in vision prophetic, Me she intends to kill when once she has slain Agamemnon.

Here she casts off all the emblems of her office, in horror of the end to which Apollo has brought her.

Why do I keep these gew-gaws. Wand, garlands, I cast you behind me. 'Tis fit you perish before me; go bless as you've done me some other.

Then she chants a few lines as her funeral dirge, and so she enters the house.

The chorus then sing a short lamentation on the approaching catastrophe, with which the rules of the Greek stage do not permit them to interfere, and the voice of Agamemnon is heard, who shrieks out in his death-agony once and again that he is mortally wounded. The chorus hear but cannot aid him. This is one of the difficulties of the Greek tragedy. The chorus represented the spectators. Through their leader, the Coryphæus, they could express sympathy and horror just as the audience might in a more limited way do, yet interfere in the action they could not.

Now reappears Clytemnestra, wheeled upon the stage on a platform, on which her husband lies murdered in his bath, and Cassandra dead beside him. The taste of the Greeks revolted from an actual murder taking place on the stage. That was too hideous, but this platform, furnished with wheels, made it possible for them to produce the sensation without the ruffianism of representing the actual deed.

Clytemnestra is standing with a dagger in her hands, covered with blood, which comes, she tells us, from her husband's heart. She is triumphant, and points first to one corpse and then to the other. It is all owing to his own crimes, she says, that she has done this. She braves it well, but the real motive betrays itself at the end—her affection for Ægisthus, whom now she can marry.

Though many things I have said before to suit the occasion,
Now I dare speak all the truth; for how, without simulation,
Could I, providing for foes these snares of evil and mischief,
Hope to succeed? nor has all this been done without long meditation.
Where I slew him I stand; the deed is now over and done with.
Helpless he was in my hands, his doom he could not escape from.
Round him I place an endless net, a death-bringing vestment.
Twice I smote him and twice he groaned, then he fell back exhausted.
Next a third blow I struck, a blow in honour of Hades:
He 'tis beneath this earth holds sway, and to him I devote him.
Then as he falls he dies, and in dying he pours forth a black gush
Of his own heart's blood on me, who as heartily welcome the blood-shower
As does the thirsty land the rain which Zeus sends to refresh it,
When a long drought has reduced its hopes of a harvest to nothing.

Since then 'tis so, rejoice with me, ye elders of Argos,
 If you've the heart to rejoice. I, at least, of the deed boast and glory.
 Were it in truth for me seemly to pour o'er this corpse a libation,
 Thanking the gods for what has been done, 'twere nothing but justice.
 Justice requires that he who has filled of blood many a goblet
 Full to the brim for his own house to drink, should himself be compelled,
 When the time comes, his own cup to drain. Say, speak I not fairly?

Chorus. Language like this makes us shudder. What words to speak of a husband!

Clytem. Me like a witless woman you'd fright; but hear what I tell you,
 Nor care I whether you praise me or blame. This man is my husband!
 There you see him a corpse. I killed him and boast of the murder.

Chorus. Proudly thou speak'st; yet upon thy brow there, with horrible brightness,

Shines a blood-clot which calls for vengeance; and, sooner or later,
 Death shall atone for death, while thy friends stand aloof and abhor thee.

Clytem. Hear what I swear! By my daughter, whom this man murdered!
 By Até!

And by the furies, to satisfy whom his head I devoted!
 Never shall I feel terror as long as Ægisthus my husband,
 Loves me as now he does. His love is my shield and protection.
 There lies he, of this woman the ruin, of Chryseis the minion;
 There lies she, his captive, the soothsayer loved by Apollo.
 Warbled she has her last strain, like a swan, to me leaving Ægisthus.

As far as the Queen goes the last word is the key to her heart. But for Ægisthus all the rest would have been forgotten, even the sacrifice of her daughter. The poet, however, evidently wishes us to see that Agamemnon dies, not deservedly, certainly, but involved in the dreadful doom of woe, which, like a net, encircles his whole race, and in which he encompasses them and himself all the more closely, by his half-voluntary, half-fated sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia.

Now at last enters Ægisthus, who salutes the royal corpse, insolent in prosperity, professing that he and she who is now to be his wife have only been the instruments of divine justice, and careless of what he says before a band of weak old men.

Bright shines the sun! All gladly he smiles on this day of atonement.
 Now am I sure that the gods from on high look down upon mortals,
 Since this man I behold in the cold and close grasp of the furies,
 Cancelling now by his death the treacherous deeds of his father.
 Atreus his father expelled from the land my father Thyestes,
 Fearing in him a rival, and far from his country he wandered.
 Weary of exile, at length he returned and clung to the altar,
 Praying his brother's forgiveness, who, feigning great love and affection,
 Him to a feast invites to welcome him back to Mycenæ.
 Feast of the furies! He gave him to feast on the flesh of his children.
 Straightway in ignorance taking the fragments, the wretched Thyestes
 Eat of this horrible meal! Then he shrieked when too late he discovered.
 What he had done unwitting, and falling, poured forth imprecations
 On his whole house, while he flung to the ground all the barbarous banquet.
 Nursed though I was abroad, I was brought by the fates here for vengeance.
 Of the scene here his wife was the instrument, I was the author.
 Death on this day were glorious to me. I have no more to live for.

Ægisthus claims to be the instrument of doom. Clytemnestra, too, does the same, though for another cause; and in the next play Orestes

and Electra claim the same office, all working out the dark destiny of the race.

The only fiction in modern days that strikes one as being at all like this, is the doom of the house of Ravenswood, in Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*. The chorus rebuke Ægisthus, who answers in a tyrannical and insolent manner. They then connect this play with the next by reminding the guilty pair of Orestes being still alive. This exasperates Ægisthus, who draws his sword, but Clytemnestra interposes, and, with threats of exile on Ægisthus' side, and of the return of Orestes on the other, the play closes.

I come now to the *Choëphori*. Between this play and the last about seven years are supposed to intervene. Orestes, as Clytemnestra told her husband in the former play, had been brought up by Strophius, the King of Phocis. Now Phocis is a district in central Greece, in which is situated Delphi, where is the oracle of Apollo, the object of the devout veneration of the civilized heathen world. Orestes as an exile frequently went thither, and he was told as often as he went that it was his duty to avenge the death of his father Agamemnon, by putting to a like death his mother Clytemnestra and her second husband, Ægisthus. His sister Electra, older than he, had been living in her mother's palace at Mycenæ, full of thoughts of vengeance, and always imploring the gods to send Orestes to deliver her, and with her to work this vengeance out. Revenge, ever revenge, is the cry, and indeed it is this unceasing longing for vengeance which constitutes the real curse of this family. Revenge was a heathen virtue, and the fortunes of this family show clearly how revenge ever works itself out.

Orestes, then, instructed by Apollo, takes with him Pylades, the son of the King who had brought him up, and arrives with him in Argolis, at a place near Mycenæ, the spot where his father was buried. Here he prays Hermes, the god who conducts to their homes below departed spirits, to protect him, and offers at his father's tomb a lock of his own hair. He then sees a band of maidens approaching, bearing libations in their hands, in mournful garb, and to the tune of mournful music. These are the *Choëphori*, or libation bearers, captive maidens from Troy, from whom the play gets its name, and who form the chorus. They are coming, Electra leading them, to offer a libation at the tomb of Agamemnon, in order to appease his angry shade. Clytemnestra has sent them because she has had a frightful dream during the past night. She has dreamed that she has given birth to a dragon, which has devoured her. Orestes and his friend stand aside, and the mournful procession advances. They sing a solemn dirge as they advance. The Queen has had a frightful vision, which with horror has stiffened her hair, and the interpreters of dreams have declared that the shades of Cassandra and Agamemnon below the earth are determined to have revenge on their murderess. To avert this, the impious Queen, they say, has sent them on this mission, a duty which they abhor. They cannot endure to repeat her words at the grave; for

what can avert her doom? The house must work out its destiny. Horror has pervaded the palace since its rightful master died. All the old majesty of the house is gone. Blood will have blood. For a wife who violates by murder her husband's chamber, there is no forgiveness. They cannot bring themselves to sing her words. They are consumed with horror and with fear. Now Electra advances. She seems to have been intrusted by her mother with the charge of the procession. She asks them what they had best do. "Shall I," she says, "when I pour forth these libations on my father's tomb, say that they are sent to him as affectionate offerings on the part of an affectionate widow? I cannot say so. I do not know what to say when I stand with this offering at my father's grave. Am I to ask that she who sent it may have her deserts? Or am I to pour forth the libation in silence, and so depart? Aid me, maidens, I pray, for we all bear a woman's enmity to this usurping pair."

The chorus recommend her to pray for an avenger to come. And then she prays for the return of Orestes. The chorus follows in another sublime prayer for vengeance. Ever for vengeance. Electra then sees the lock of hair, and concludes it to be the hair of Orestes. This seems a hasty conclusion, but her heart has been running on Orestes, and she leaps to the conclusion at once, not unnaturally, that he has been there. Then Orestes and Pylades advance, and discover themselves to Electra and the chorus. Electra salutes Orestes as father, mother, brother, sister, all in one. Strength, Justice, and Zeus she implores to protect them. Then follow more prayers to Zeus, and the declaration of Orestes that it was not of his own accord he had come to do so fearful a deed. It was Apollo who had sent him, denouncing against him fearful penalties if he refused. The furies of his father would persecute him. He would be refused access to every altar. He would die miserable and abhorred by all. This play, if nothing else could do it, would teach us what a horrible crime this desire for vengeance is. It is the Christian religion alone which teaches us to love our enemies and to pray for them, and to leave vengeance to Him Who alone has a right to exact it. They still pray to the gods and to the shade of their father for revenge. The chorus tells the horrible dream which the Queen has had, which indeed foreshadows all that is to come.

Orestes and his friend advance to the palace, and announce themselves as having important news to give the Queen. And thus she speaks—

Clytem. Strangers, if aught you desire, speak freely, for then you shall have it. All that befits a mansion like ours you'll find at your service; Baths, soft couches, refreshments. I give you to all a glad welcome; While, if you've ought of weight to announce, to men you'll announce it. I to my husband will straightway impart your desire for his presence.

Orestes. Strophius, reigning in Phocis, to you bade me carry this message. Say to his parents: "Orestes is dead," and ask them their pleasure; Whether they wish his ashes to bring home and bury in Argos, Or whether we in this land of Phocis shall weep and lament him.

Electra here gives utterance to her feigned sorrow at the false news about Orestes. Clytemnestra orders the strangers to be well entertained, and thanks them for coming with the sad tidings. She then goes to send for Ægisthus. The chorus pray for the success of Orestes. A nurse comes on the stage, ordered by the Queen to carry the news to Ægisthus. She bewails Orestes, for she has been his nurse. Clytemnestra had ordered Ægisthus to come, but accompanied by a guard of soldiers. She is easily persuaded to tell him to come alone to cross-examine the strangers. He comes. He has heard rumours. He will go in to inquire. He enters the house, is attacked by Orestes, and his death-cry is heard. Clytemnestra is summoned by a servant, who is shrieking aloud.

Clytem. What is the matter? Why in this house raise all this dire commotion?

Servant. He who was dead the living has slain. Can'st solve the enigma?

Clytem. Woe's me! Your meaning I fathom. As by guile we slew Agamemnon,

So now by guile we perish! Let some one a deadly axe hand me.

Victor or vanquished! To live or to die! Now comes the decision.

Out rushes Orestes, frenzied, and dripping with the blood of Ægisthus. He seizes his mother and cries—

Orestes. There now I seek; that wretch has enough! By my hand he's been slaughtered.

Clytem. Dear, dear Ægisthus, thou'rt dead.

Orestes. And so you loved this Ægisthus?

Then thou shalt lie in his tomb, and not even in cold death forsake him.

Clytem. Ah! stay thy hand, O my son! Look on the breast that once nursed thee,

And where the genial milk thou didst drain off, even in slumber.

He shudders, and speaks to Pylades.

Orestes. Pylades, what shall I do? Can I stay my hand from my mother?

Pylades. That oath you swore to the god, at the shrine of Apollo, remember.

Orestes. Yes, you are right. Come [to his mother], I'll slay you beside the black corpse of Ægisthus.

Him you preferred to my father when living; now dead, sleep beside him.

Clytem. Boy, thee I nursed in thy childhood. In old age I wish to live near you.

Orestes. You who have slain my father dwell with me! The thought is pollution.

Clytem. 'Tis not to me his death is due. 'Twas that furious Atë.

Orestes. Yes, and that doom of woe shall be yours. For death now prepare you.

Clytem. Think of the end. Beware of the angry hell-hounds of thy mother.

• *Orestes.* If I do that, how shall I escape the hell-hounds of my father?

Clytem. Woe's me! This was the dragon I bore. My dream was prophetic.

Orestes. Base was thy murderous deed and cruel. Full now the atonement.

She is then dragged into the house, and murdered by the side of Ægisthus. The chorus sing a song of triumph mingled with dread over this double murder. Vengeance has come. The exile has

prospered. The royal house has escaped its tyrants. Soon shall their band enter the house of Agamemnon, when it has been well purified from every stain of guilt.

Again is the platform wheeled out. Orestes stands on it with the instruments of Agamemnon's death in his hands, viz., the deadly axe which felled him, the chains that bound his feet, the net-like sheet which enveloped his whole body. The guilty and now ghastly pair lie side by side, seeming even in death to wish to be united. Orestes exults at his success. The chorus say a word for moderation. This seems to give a turn to his thoughts. Were they really guilty? Surely they were. Here are the sheet and the axe. Why is his mind troubled? Soon he cannot exactly regulate his thoughts, and fearing he may soon have no power over them, he wishes to justify himself, first to himself and then to the world. Thus he speaks—

But while I'm still in my senses, to you I declare that I slew her,
For that she murdered my father, and is by the gods most detested.
Nor did I do it myself alone, but the prophet Apollo
Told me by oracle, if I did this that none should condemn me;
While, if I did it not, I must suffer what clearly to tell you
Strictly forbidden I am, and no one could reach by conjecture.
Now to his shrine at Delphi I fly, where himself will protect me.
No other shrine would he let me approach; and I bid all the Argives
Bear to me witness how long I have waited for this retribution.

Chorus. Now that thou hast in all ways succeeded avenging thy father,
Speak not ill-omened words, nor of horrors be ever foreboding,
Thou who hast given to us freedom by killing these odious serpents.

Orestes. Woe's me! The furies! Their hair like gorgons with serpents
entwined.

Chorus. What dreams are these which disturb thee, thou dearest of men to
thy father?

Victory now is yours; be not scared at these ill-omened phantoms.

Orestes. Phantoms they're not; they're plainly the angry hell-hounds of my
mother.

Chorus. Yes, for the blood is fresh on thy hands. Hence this perturbation.

Orestes. Royal Apollo! Their numbers increase. They drop blood from
their eyelids!

Chorus. Means of atonement you'll find if you fly to the shrine of Apollo.

Orestes. You do not see them, but I see them! Ah! They fill me with terror.

Chorus. May, then, the god at Delphi protect you, for you are his client.

We are now come to the *Eumenides*, or the Furies. No time is supposed to elapse here, except what is necessary for Orestes to fly from Mycenæ to Phocis, pursued by the furies of his mother. The scene is laid first at Delphi. When the play opens, we see the priestess of Apollo in the court before the temple. She is praying at an altar. She then retires, and immediately returns with horror, and relates what she has seen. Then the interior of the sanctuary is exposed to view. The most holy place, called the adyton, is visible. On this, the most sacred spot in the whole earth according to their belief, at the very omphalos, or earth's centre, is Orestes seated, still dripping with his mother's blood. This omphalos, a white stone where none but the god himself was supposed to sit, was now occupied by a parricide. Around him were the furies, fifteen in number,

horrible figures with snakes in their hair. They are asleep. Apollo, the god himself, stands beside his client Orestes at the omphalos. How this exposition was made, as the scene seldom or never changes, is a matter of doubt ; but it is supposed that while the priestess, or pythoness, as she was called, was praying and speaking, a curtain concealed the space representing the interior of the temple, and on its withdrawal all was seen.

Apollo consoles Orestes. He will ever be present as his defender, even when he seems to be far distant. "Your fierce pursuers, are now asleep," he says ; "they who were born for evil, who dwell in gloom, hated by gods as well as men. Fly from them to the sacred city of Athens ; embrace the image of Athenè, the goddess of that city. There you will find impartial judges, and an acquittal. I shall be near you, for I persuaded you to slay your mother."

Then comes in the ghost of Clytemnestra, who rebukes the furies for sleeping, and rouses them so far that they speak, half asleep, half awake. "Seize him ! seize him !" they say. Before they are quite awake, Orestes escapes, and they sing a hymn of vengeance. Wherever he goes they will be after him.

Apollo now orders them to leave his sanctuary, and they then enter into an altercation with him. He protects, they say, a matricide. Nay ! his mother whom he slew killed her husband. The furies, he says, slight the marriage oaths. The furies depart, and the scene changes to Athens and to the Areopagus, where Orestes is seen embracing the image of Athenè. The furies who have started from Delphi in pursuit of Orestes have not yet come on the stage. Orestes prays :—

Pallas Athenè, to your shrine I've come by command of Apollo,
You now I pray to receive me a suppliant, you must now save me.
By others' hands more than once I've been purified, now to your temple
And to your image I come ; you I wait to acquit or condemn me.

At this moment the chorus of furies come trooping into the place allotted to them in the orchestra. They sing, while they take their places, a lyric called the *parodos*. The leader begins alone, addressing her comrades.

Leader. Here of the man we pursue, I see we've got on the traces.
Follow then, follow of him the plain track, for of him we'll be masters.
Just as yon hound, by its blood, that wounded hind surely does track out,
So we, the hell-hounds of Hades, as surely discover by blood-scent
Him who his mother has murdered, nor will he by tricks find he's able
Now to escape us. Beneath all these toils my bosom is panting ;
For every part of the earth has been crossed ; like a ship I've pursued him.
Now he is somewhere here hiding. The sweet smell of blood comes to guide
me.

Then the whole chorus sing, encouraging each other—

Chorus. Watch ! watch with care, lest the murderer now escape from our
clutches !
Once did he think that from our dread grasp Apollo could save him.

Now for deliverance he's fled to the court and shrine of Athenè.
 But this he'll never obtain, for the death long designed of a mother,
 Cannot by legal quirks be annulled; nor can her blood ever
 Flow in her veins again. He must of the deed brook the vengeance!

Then they apostrophize Orestes—

Yes; it is ours your heart's blood to drain, and when that is over,
 You still alive, to the realms of the dead, we will bear a just victim.
 There you will find no prayers can release, no ransom can free you,
 There every crime such as yours meets a strict and righteous requital.
 Hades beneath the earth looks on crimes, and for each full atonement
 Sternly he asks, and none he forgives. Deeds like yours have no pardon.

Orestes then, without answering the furies, invokes Pallas Athenè and implores her to come and save him, wherever she may be. The chorus at present have it all their own way, and thus they answer his prayer—

Chorus. Nor shall Apollo protect thee, nor yet the might of Athenè;
 Thou who art a mere shadow, the bloodless feast of the furies.

Orestes still not answering, they go on—

Dost thou refuse to reply, and disdain my words? thou'rt my victim,
 And to my vengeance devoted; from your living veins comes my banquet.
 Now shall you hear the binding strain, which shall bind you for ever.

Then they sing a magical song, and dance a magical dance, by which they intend formally to bind Orestes as their slave for ever. They call it the binding strain, and it goes on till the poor victim seems bound every limb.

But his deliverance approaches. Pallas Athenè herself, the patron goddess of the city of Athens, has heard the invocation of Orestes, and comes from the banks of the Scamander, near Troy, where she has been staying; for a portion of land near this river had been assigned to the Athenians, and she has been remaining there to maintain their rights. She tells how quickly she has come, and how cheerfully too, to hear a suppliant who appeals to her. On seeing the hideous figures of the furies, with their snake-entwined hair, she says she fears not, but she wonders. She has not seen anything like them on earth or in heaven. She asks them who they are? They answer—

Chorus. Daughter of Zeus, a few words will inform you. Of Night we're
 the offspring,
 And we are called in Hades the authors of mischief; the furies.

Then she asks the furies what they have to say, and why they are there. They state their case, describing the guilt of Orestes.

She now calls on Orestes to say what is his name, his race; whether, unpurified from bloodshed, he has dared to touch her sacred image, and what, on the whole, he wishes to say in answer to the charge of the chorus?

He has been purified, he says; and if his offence had been, as we

should say, justifiable homicide, that purification would have sufficed: but if the furies were right, and he had been formally guilty of the murder of his mother, no such purification would hold good.

The goddess rules that the question is too hard for any one mortal to decide. She cannot determine on questions of bloodshed and vengeance herself, but she will admit Orestes to the protection of the State, as he has been purified. Set him free, at once, she cannot, fearing the evils the furies may do to her land in consequence; but she will establish a court, which on oath shall decide causes of blood in all future ages, selecting the judges from the best of the citizens of Athens. This, according to Æschylus, was the institution of the famous court of the Areopagus; nor must we forget that this play had a political as a subordinate object; for Æschylus wanted to defend this aristocratic court from the attacks of democracy, by showing its divine origin.

Then follows a strain on the part of the furies foreboding what is to happen, but bearing witness that such an acquittal as they dread will be an evil precedent for all time to come. Children will lose respect for their parents; every murder will be committed with impunity.

Athenè now takes her seat as first president of the court, with her judges around her. Æschylus intends probably to intimate by this that she ever after presided there invisibly. She then asks Orestes whether he is guilty, or not guilty? He acknowledges the deed, but puts in a plea of justification, naming Apollo as at once his witness and his counsel. Apollo gives evidence that it was by command of Zeus that he ordered Orestes to kill his mother, and then he proceeds at length to justify the act. He describes Agamemnon, his noble character, and his glory in war, and contrasts all this with his miserable end. The furies demur to many of his assertions; and then Athenè asks the judges for their votes. She does not vote herself, but takes a pebble in her hand, and declares that should the votes be equal, she will then give hers for an acquittal. The ballot takes place, by the judges taking each a pebble from the altar, and advancing to a table whereon were two vases, one of acquittal, the other of condemnation, to deposit each his pebble in one or other of these. The votes are now counted and found equal, when Athenè gives her vote for acquittal. She then declares the decision of the judges.

This man the doom of blood has escaped, for the numbers are equal.

Orestes expresses his gratitude, and declare that in all time his own people, the Argives, will be friendly to the Athenians, and never invade their territory. They will support those who support Athens, but those who are hostile to her will have the Argives for their foes.

Then the furies pour forth their resentment on the youthful gods, who have trampled underfoot their own ancient race. They will lay Attica waste; they will blast the produce of the ground. They will then pronounce their solemn curse on the country, and leave it to its doom.

Athenè, in sweet and dignified language, tries to soothe them ; at first unsuccessfully. But at length the revengeful furies give way in rather an undignified manner to her promises ; for she assures them, that if they will only stay and be propitious, they shall have in Athens a seat of dignity and honour by her own side.

They inquire minutely into all the details of the honours which they are to receive ; and as the answer satisfies them, they ask what blessings they are to pour forth upon the land.

She tells them to pray for all that conduces to glorious victory, whether earth, sky, or water produce them, and to pray also that the gentlest gales may blow upon the land ; and that abundance both of the fruits of the earth and of the produce of cattle may never fail, but that the soil may be fertile, its flocks prolific, and its people healthy and happy. This is to be their care. But the goddess, for her part, is to see that the city shall never cease to be honoured in the glorious combats of war.

The chorus now prays for the city. Then in solemn procession they are conducted to the temples destined for them, and so the story ends.

Two or three words to conclude. The doom hanging over this family is the predominant feature of the history. Individual characters seem almost swallowed up in this Até, or doom of woe.

The triumphant strains at the beginning of the *Agamemnon* are damped by misgivings from the outset. The otherwise hideous character of Clytemnestra is softened by her real though guilty love for Ægisthus, and by the touching appeal which she makes to her son when he is going to kill her, and her half real, half assumed character of being only an instrument in the hands of heaven for the avenging of the death of Iphigenia. Orestes cannot fail to elicit compassion. He is hurried on by his sister Electra indeed, but still more by Apollo, to do this awful deed. We are more moved still, when we see him immediately after the murder beginning to feel remorse. He was commanded by heaven, as he thought, to avenge his father, but this cannot quench his natural feelings of horror. His appeal to Pylades at the last moment to save him from the horrible act, touches us still more. He is only nerved to do it by being reminded of the oath he has sworn at the shrine of Apollo. Agamemnon himself, the little that we see of him, acts with dignity. He dreads display ; even in so small thing as treading on a scarlet carpet he fears to offend the gods ; he dies as a hero should. But the grandest of all the characters is Cassandra. Her appeals to Apollo, her prophetic foresight into what is going on, and about to go on, within the palace, both with regard to Agamemnon and to her own death, have perhaps never been surpassed. The tragical interest is at its height, when she throws off all her prophetic trappings, and prays that they may bless some other maiden as they have her, and enters the palace to her doom. So much for the grand old story of the *Oresteia*.

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